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by Lord Pakenham

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Eisenhower's Indian Dream

A YEAR ago, before Krushchev visited America and before China had transformed India from a friendly to an angrily defensive country, Mr Eisenhower would not have dreamt of visiting Mr Nehru. In Republican eyes, India was still an unstable, semi-Socialist country with a dangerously pro-Communist foreign policy. Today, the President can talk in Delhi of India as being a nation at heart very like the United States – a democratic ex-colonial power (have they not both thrown off the yoke of British imperialism?) which demands freedom and fears Chinese intentions. More remarkable still, the effect of Chinese policy has been to make Indians willing to listen to, if not to accept, his comparison with the capitalist US. Indians have, in fact, begun to see Eisenhower as a friend working with Nehru and, they hope, with Krushchev, for peace. They respond to his prophecy of a greater India which, with financial aid from America, would become the centre of a vast world market and the beginning of a 'spiral of prosperity throughout the free world'.

What was said about US aid in the conversation between Eisenhower and Nehru? It is unlikely that Eisenhower offered military aid or that Nehru asked for it. It is only indirectly relevant. No one can help India to defend the uninhabited passes of the Himalayas. There may be skirmishes, but a war with China would probably mean world war – and in that America would in any case not be neutral. The question is not one of aircraft but of India's industrial capacity; and Nehru must have reminded his guest that without foreign aid to develop her potential, India will remain weak in peace as well as in war. Eisenhower could not promise more total Congressional aid – Congress indeed is cutting down the budget for underdeveloped areas. But after his return to America he clearly intends to present Nehru's India as a stable and friendly country which could receive a larger proportion of the aid voted and, perhaps more important (provided it is done without strings and conditions designed to limit India's freedom to plan nationally), to seize every occasion to encourage investment of American capital in India.

Whether India gains real strength and stability depends only partly on industrial development: without aid, she cannot maintain even her present poverty standard. Indeed, as shown in an authoritative article by Professor René Dumont which we publish this week, village hunger is likely to grow even greater as a result of the rapidly decreasing death rate combined with the failure to make the expected improvement in agriculture and food production. Professor Dumont's article is only a summary of a fully documented report; as such it omits imponderables and perhaps paints too black a picture. But no one at all acquainted with Indian villages – and least of all Nehru, struggling against the obscurantism of his opponents – is likely to dispute his statement that the obstacles to progress are human rather than natural. The caste incubus – and much of the system of landlordism and money lending – has not disappeared merely because it has been legally abolished. The devotion of some officials does not compensate for the fatalism of the Indian villager who has imagined improvements only as coming from outside, first from the Maharajas or the British and now from Indian government officials.

China's greatest advantage is her tradition of scientific and materialistic thinking. The Indian villager has not yet learnt to say that 'man is the master of things'. Nor does the right wing of Congress wish him to believe this. The Brahminical attitude to working (so often reinforced by Oxford) is still a handicap, in spite of the scientific and technical colleges that have recently sprung up in India. In these matters President Eisenhower cannot do much to help. National characteristics alter but slowly. Nehru's scientific bent and personal example has begun the change, but the most potent agent of progress may well be Communist China. The threat to India's frontier may have something of the effect that the Spanish threat had on 16th-century England. If America provides capital and the Chinese continue to 'mobilise' an angry India, Eisenhower's dream of a prosperous India may become a reality.

Comments on the Week's News

Labour and German Arms

The Labour Party has decided to put down a motion in the Commons as soon as possible after Christmas criticising the policy of supplying West Germany with tactical nuclear weapons and weapons of 'nuclear capability'. This decision is sensible as far as it goes. Both the US and Dr Adenauer, abetted, ironically, by General de Gaulle, are eager to establish in advance of a Summit meeting what is euphemistically called 'parity' for West Germany inside Nato. Apart from any of the wider implications of giving Germany nuclear weapons of any kind, it is difficult to imagine greater folly than to remove from the field of Summit negotiations an issue which the Russians mind about so much and which is so relevant to any pattern of disengagement in central Europe. As Mr Bevan said this week, 'pending Summit talks, no steps should be taken towards the ultimate equipment of West German forces with nuclear weapons, since this would make it more difficult both to reach agreement on disengagement and to carry out such an agreement'. This re-statement of the 1958 Scarborough conference decision is a compromise which, so far as it goes, commands the support of almost the whole party. It does not, however, touch the profound difference of opinion which still exists about whether in principle West Germany should be allowed nuclear arms in any circumstances. How likely that difference is to cause a renewed split in the foreseeable future is arguable. On the one hand, Mr George Brown and a small group, of which Mr Paget and Mr Bellenger are notable examples, seem anxious to press ahead as quickly as possible with parity for West Germany. On the other hand, the Centre and Left of the party is disturbed by the mounting volume of authoritative criticism of western nuclear policy as a whole (e.g., Professor Blackett in this journal two weeks ago), and by the vigorous attempts of France and Germany to weaken the collective control of Nato and to re-establish national autonomy inside what has always been constituted as a collective alliance. This alarm leads many Labour MPs to feel that the political risk must now be faced of reassessing the party's whole approach to western defence, including the control of the deterrent and the nuclear arming of Nato. This week's compromise admits by implication that the nuclear arming of West Germany is a bargaining counter in Summit negotiations for European disengagement: it seems likely, therefore, to buy the Labour Party some months of valuable time for thought about issues which cannot be evaded once a Summit conference is convened – or once it becomes clear that the Summit has been abandoned.

Western Co-operation—New Style

Mr Dillon's visit to Europe has been heralded by a barrage of propaganda suggesting that a complete re-casting of the western attitude to the underdeveloped parts of the non-Soviet world was impending. In fact a very worried State Department, under pressure from the Treasury and protectionist interests, sent its economic head to try to persuade the European governments to share the burden of both military preparations and economic aid 'more fairly' with the US. There is no thought of any increase in aid. The problem is whether the mounting losses of gold will not force the US government to cut aid and military expenditure drastically and to insist on aid in kind. There is grave danger moreover that American tariffs and quotas will be reinforced. All this shows how short-sighted the Americans were in opposing a purposive organisation of international economic relations: an international Central Bank would easily stop their gold losses without imposing a premature deflationary policy. Nothing could be more unfortunate than if recovery and growth in the US were to be arrested because of gold losses. One certain victim of the American embarrassment is the British government's commercial policy. It had been hoped in London that through the Free Trade Area we should get preferential free entry into the whole of Europe without giving up imperial preference or freedom of commercial policy. When the resistance of France put an end to these hopes, the British government promoted a similar arrangement with the six countries outside the Common Market. Its intention was to negotiate as a body with the latter and so force special concessions even if the old Free Trade Area could not be resuscitated. Mr Dillon has made it clear that America will not tolerate such European bargains which exclude her. Britain now stands isolated and is likely to become more so as her partners come under pressure.

Nigeria Votes

The general election in Nigeria leaves things pretty well as they were. The traditionalist Northern People's Congress, confining its appeal virtually entirely to the Northern Region, has emerged again as the largest single party, almost gaining an over-all majority. This is a little surprising in view of the vast expenditure of money by the Action Group, and of the alliance in northern constituencies between the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons and the Northern Element Progressive Union. It seems likely that competition between this alliance and the Action Group has helped the NPC to retain its large majority. NCNC has done well in the east, gained some seats in the west and won two seats in Lagos. The Action Group, on the other hand, has not fulfilled its hopes of becoming a national party. Speculation now turns to the character of the new government to be formed – a government which will presumably lead Nigeria into independence next October. The previous federal Prime Minister, Alhaja Abubakar Tawafa Balewa, is to resume his post. He will, however, need to form an alliance with either the NCNC or the Action Group. The probability – paradoxical though it may seem – is that it will be the radical NCNC which joins him. Dr Azikiwe, the leader of the NCNC, however, is a much more flexible character than his rival, Dr Awolowo of the Action Group; while the bitterness engendered between the Action Group and the North over the issue of creating new states still lingers. The big question mark now hanging over Nigeria is whether a strong federal government can be built up in the first difficult years of independence. The election has again shown that political parties still depend very heavily on their respective regions and that no national party has yet emerged.

NEW STATESMAN INDEX
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Good News from Tanganyika

The first positive sign that Mr Macleod may be prepared to remedy some of the worst defects of his predecessor comes from Tanganyika. The very hopeful developments over the last few years in solving the multi-racial problem on democratic lines have been endangered over the past six months through Colonial Office reluctance to allow the territory to develop its own constitutional future. Pressures from Central Africa and Kenya have been obstructing the surrender of responsibilities from the Colonial Office to elected Tanganyikans of all races. Now Mr Macleod has broken this barrier and given the Governor, Sir Richard Turnbull, and Mr Julius Nyerere, the African leader, the opportunity of developing a genuine measure of democratic responsibility. New elections are to be held next September with a wider, though still qualified, franchise to a House of 71 elected members, 50 of whom will represent non-racial seats. Eleven seats are to be reserved for Asians and ten for Europeans. Most significant of all, there will be an elected majority in the Ministerial Council. This new plan represents a triumph for Mr Nyerere in his policy of phased constitutional advance in close association with the minority groups. He has been bravely supported by the Governor, and Mr Macleod's action, belated though it is, has averted an unnecessary and tragic constitutional crisis. This triumph of non-racial democracy will now destroy the Central African assertion that a multi-racial society cannot be based on western democratic forms, and will set the pace for Kenya.

Education in the Sixties

The Crowther Report or, more formally, *15-18: Report of the Central Advisory Council for Education-England* contains nothing novel. Its proposals – especially that of raising the school-leaving age to 16-plus – have been commonplaces in educational circles for 20 years. But since governments tend to accept ideas as respectable only when they are old enough to be amenable to presentation in massive and worthy reports of this kind, its appearance is welcome. To raise the school-leaving age in 1965 will cost an extra £250 million, but finding the money is likely to be the least of the difficulties. An extra 21,300 teachers will be necessary: finding these will not be easy, and will be particularly difficult among science graduates. The extent of this problem is even greater when one considers that to reduce classes to a reasonable size, to the regulation but so often unrealisable number of 30 pupils, itself demands thousands more people willing to enter the teaching profession. The report devotes attention to the bottleneck at the entrance to universities; to the question of county colleges, preferring to see the school-leaving age raised before developing these on a large scale; and recommends that children should leave school only at Easter and in July. This last might help to dispel that air of pointlessness which now so often surrounds the last months of school-children nearing the age of 15. The report takes an optimistic view of the capacity of children to benefit from these new opportunities – a view which only sceptical dons are likely to dispute.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Who is Out of Step?

Paul Johnson writes: This week's diplomatic junketings in Paris have begun in the customary atmosphere of bad temper and low comedy. The new Nato headquarters at the Porte Dauphine, though less physically dangerous than its predecessor in the Palais de Chaillot, now in the last stage of disintegration, is still reeking of wet paint and moist concrete, infested with belligerent French workers and equipped with a characteristically Parisian telephone system. In the new press auditorium where M. Henri Spaak received the press on Monday it was virtually impossible to hear a word the Secretary General said. Not that this mattered much. All his sentiments, and many of his actual phrases, were identical with those he delivered last year and the year before.

But despite Spaak's monumental complacency, there is no doubt that the internal divisions in Nato are deeper and more visible than at any time since the organisation was founded a decade ago. Nato's forward planning centres on a paper called the NC 70. This was drawn up in December 1957, at the height of the post-Sputnik panic, and lays down in great detail the military contributions which the 15 member states pledged themselves to make by 1963 – 'the year of peril' when the Soviet missile superiority will be most pronounced. Last week, when the Military Committee met to consider progress, General Norstad's report made it plain that as things are going there seems no possibility that the target figures will be reached. Instead of 30 divisions, Nato has about 16 in immediate readiness. A hundred 'nuclearised' units are scheduled to be operational by 1963, of which 50 should have been ready now; in fact there are less than 20. Even more serious is the shortcoming in the tactical air forces. The Second and Fourth US Tactical Air Forces, operating in Germany, are in theory integrated. In fact, the wide variety of types of reconnaisance plane alone make efficient operation impossible. ATAF air fields cannot provide refuelling facilities, let alone first-line repairs, for all the varieties of plane in their area; so the 'scatter' system, essential for survival in the event of nuclear attack, cannot be used. Worse still, Norstad has no control over air defence. Except in the front line, this remains a national responsibility.

Norstad believes that, as things stand, Shape would lose a tactical air battle in the first few hours. He therefore insists on 100 per cent. integration, and it is at this point that his requirements have come into headlong conflict with General de Gaulle's prejudices. De Gaulle not only refuses to integrate air defence; he is even threatening to withdraw French units from the Fourth ATAF. At the same time, his refusal to countenance US-controlled nuclear stock-piles on French territory has been an important element in throwing the NC 70 planning out of gear. It should be said at once that de Gaulle is isolated in his beliefs, even in France. They are shared neither by General Valluy, the senior French representative at Shape, nor even by the members of the French delegation to Nato.

It was perhaps for this reason that General Twining, chairman of the US joint Chiefs of Staff, decided to bring the conflict into the open by leaking to Associated Press the substance of his 'complaint' against the European members of Nato, and particularly against France. There can be no doubt that the leak was deliberate and that it had the highest sanction in Washington. It is linked, of course, to the new US drive to get Europe to pay more for collective defence. At present, only Britain and Germany pay for all their US-supplied arms. France, the Americans hope, will soon be forced to do the same. The Americans point out that in 1958 the US devoted 11.5 per cent. of its gross national product to defence, against Britain's 8.2 per cent. and Germany's 4.2 per cent. France spent 9.3 per cent., but three-quarters of this went on Algeria. The other Nato powers contribute even less.

Will Messrs Herter and Eisenhower succeed during the next few days in jerking Europe into a more 'realistic' view of its collective responsibility? Unlikely. As one French official put it to me, 'Eisenhower is attempting to end his term of office in a blaze of peace and co-existence. Fair enough. But if you have just completed a world tour in which you have talked about nothing but peace, you can't expect to come to Paris talking about war – and have people take you seriously. It isn't France that is out of step with Shape – it is the White House'.

Nicosia

Good Old Makarios

Charles Foley writes from Nicosia: The posters are peeling from the walls, but their message needs no emphasis. 'Makarios and only Makarios' is the order of the day. With a two to one majority over his motley opponents in an election which brought 91 per cent. of voters to the polls, the first President of Cyprus assumes powers far greater than any British governor until Harding.

Technically there was some justice in the cry of 'dictatorship' with which John Clerides, an old-style liberal, launched his election campaign against the archbishop last month. But the people decided that these powers were safer in Makarios's hands than in those of Clerides, a former member of Harding's Executive Council, and his extremist allies of the left and right.

The result is that for the next five years Makarios can rule almost single-handed. As his ministers in a Cabinet with a Greek Cypriot majority he can choose anyone he likes from inside or outside parliament. Equally he can dismiss any or all of them and appoint others instead. His approval will, of course, be needed for the final list of Makarios candidates in the parliamentary elections next month; and it seems likely that all of them will be voted in, because the constituencies at present are so arranged that their rivals will be swamped. In fact, Makarios is expected to make the opposition a present of some seats so that they will be represented in the house. Fortunately the archbishop is the mildest of autocrats, always preferring to woo his enemies rather than to override them. Standing on the balcony beside his peasant father on Monday night, he hushed delirious supporters by declaring that there were no victors and no losers in the election. He had never, he said, identified himself with any particular party or political movement, nor did he himself cherish any political ambition. This brought a smile, but in fact Makarios spoke the truth as he knew it. Nobody can deny that it was necessary for him to achieve the presidency if the Cypriots, with their historically oppositionist mentality, were ever to work together in a country they could call their own. Throughout the years of bloodshed and communal strife, Makarios has always insisted on regarding himself not merely as a leader of Greek resistance, but of the whole Cypriot population, leftist, rightist, Greeks and Turks. Certainly there were no visible political differences between the two sides in the presidential election. The archbishop's followers are empirical to a man and the Akel Communist party has deviated to a point somewhere to the right of bourgeois nationalism as understood in other countries.

The first to hail the election result was Dr Kutchuk, the Turkish Vice-President. He told me he was delighted for personal as well as public reasons to serve under the archbishop. Many pressing decisions which have been held up until there was a President in office may shortly be announced. Among these is the question of joining the Commonwealth, and my British friends are counting on 'good old Makarios' to do the proper thing.

NEXT WEEK

Owing to Christmas, next week's NEW STATESMAN ***will be on sale on Wednesday, 48 hours earlier than usual.*** PAUL JOHNSON ***will be writing from Paris on the Western Summit,*** ALAN SILLITOE ***will contribute a new short story, and there will be a seasonal guide for cultural consumers:*** WHITHER?

Basutoland

Steps Backward?

On the surface, Basutoland seems, in the desert of South African racialism which completely surrounds it, to be an oasis of goodwill and progress. The British government has formally approved a new constitution giving a limited but significant degree of self-government to an almost wholly Basuto, though only half elected, National Council. A commission, appointed by Sir John Maud, the capable new High Commissioner, last month visited the territory to investigate the ways of accelerating economic development. And now, while Union Africans across the border are being saddled with government-appointed Bantu 'authorities', local politicians have launched their campaign for next January's first elections under Basutoland's new constitution.

Yet the leaders of Basutoland's two major parties have jointly accused the High Commissioner of violating both the spirit and the letter of the advances so recently agreed upon. The electoral law which was only recently promulgated provides for the registration of all adult Basutoland taxpayers to elect local councils; these will in turn provide the 40 elected members of the new 80-man National Council. Because only taxpayers may register, Basuto women will, for the most part, be automatically disfranchised, but this point has not been stressed by the male politicians. What they do object to is the manner in which the postal vote of Basutos working in South Africa is to be cast. These migratory labourers will constitute perhaps two-thirds of the electorate, and their votes will, therefore, be decisive. Yet the postal voting system laid down by the High Commissioner is wide open to abuse.

No mark will be made by voters on ballot

papers, which will instead be dropped into boxes bearing the name and allocated colour of a candidate. Despite widespread illiteracy, voters in South Africa will be asked to send their unmarked papers to a friend or relative in Basutoland, advising him into which box it is to be dropped. This singularly inept system is resented particularly by the Basutoland Congress Party, which is opposed in the elections by the Basutoland National Party, in which the chiefs are strongly represented. In the mountain villages, Basuto chiefs, who, amongst other things, control the allocation of land plots, wield an influence which they are losing in the 'urban' Congress centres like Maseru; and the present arrangements make any sort of post-electoral checks impossible.

The High Commissioner has refused to alter the postal voting system, claiming that any other would involve too great an expense. He has not, however, explained why he thought it necessary to frame what is euphemistically called the Basutoland Peace Proclamation, which would provide him with sweeping powers over all public meetings. Following repeated protests, this proclamation is now to be held over for discussion with the new Council. But, as Basutoland has hardly been plagued until now with riotous assemblies, the administration's motives in persistently proposing to take these drastic powers, against the express objections of the old Council, were bound to be regarded as suspect.

Even more suspicion, as well as considerable bitterness, has been aroused by the recent appointment of a Commissioner of Local Government. The basis of the agreement reached by the Commonwealth Relations Office and the Basuto earlier this year was a report drafted for the latter by Professor Denis Cowen of the University of Cape Town. This report held specifically that the local councils, which are shortly to be elected, should be organs of local government as well as electoral colleges for the national body. Training in local government was seen as fundamental to the future extension of Basuto self-rule. Yet now an official has been appointed with financial and other powers so wide as to make him a virtual dictator over the local councils. He will not be responsible to the Basuto National Council, but only to the High Commissioner.

Beyond this, both parties have accused the administration of attempting to allocate a diamond-mining concession in such a way as to bring in De Beers, the South African diamond cartel. Answering this charge, the administration today claims that it is a matter within the province of the paramount chieftancy, and is negotiating with the elderly and highly conservative female Regent. The Basuto politicians, on the other hand, claim that the signing away of the country's only potential wealth is a matter for the new National Council, to which the paramount chief will nominate half the members.

Beieng Seiso, the young paramount chief-designate, who is returning from Oxford this week with the apparent intention of forcing the Regent's resignation, seems anxious to assume office in time to make these nominations, but the Regent is stalling him off. Here, too, the attitude of the British authorities could prove decisive.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Maseru

Westminster

White-collar Revolt

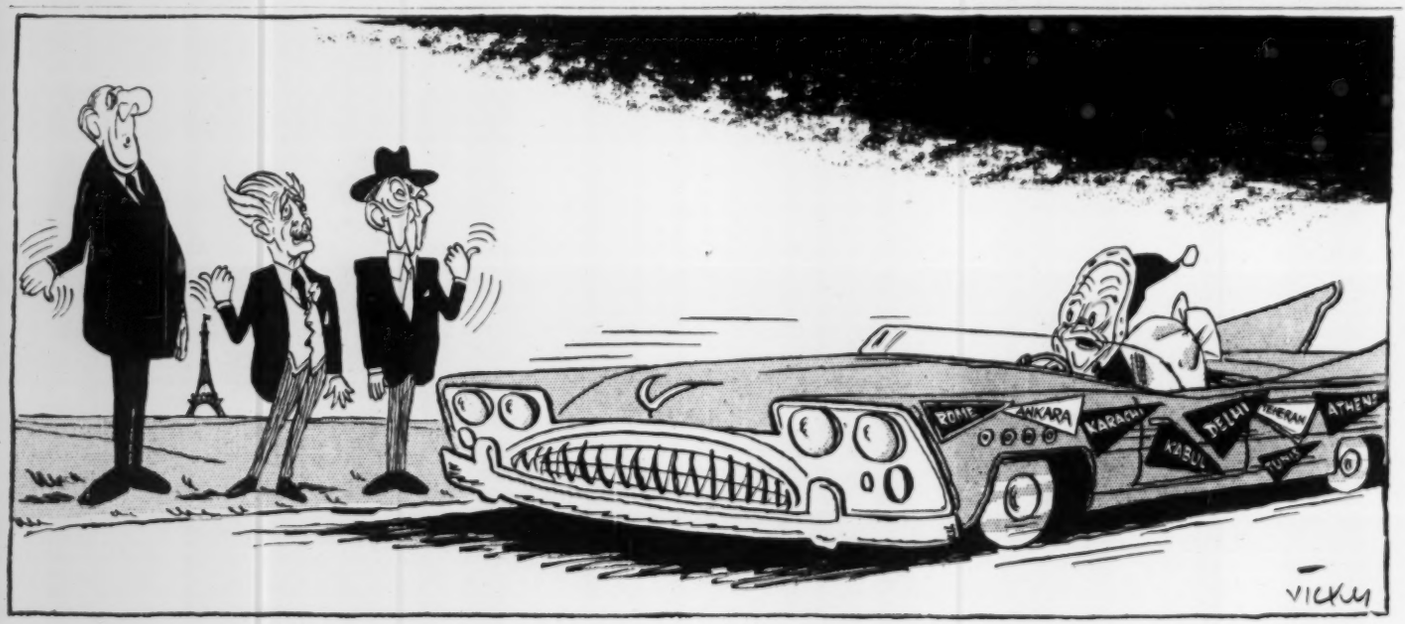
Mr R. A. Butler, his mind temporarily diverted to more exciting things like IRA plots and sanctions against Eire, has landed the government in a remarkably pretty pickle; and the House is now watching with the gleeful interest he himself shows when others are in trouble to see what scheme he will think up during the Christmas recess for slithering out of it.

It began when, on Butler's advice, government whips dropped hints that the Offices Bill, which a private member, Mr Richard Marsh of Greenwich, was to introduce, should be defeated on second reading. This proceeding, of itself, was risky. In this parliament, backbenchers on both sides have already shown their restiveness under discipline, even on government business; and they are likely to buck if the whip is applied, however caressingly, in private members' time. Further, the government party, which is heavily supported at election times by black-coated workers, is deeply committed – well, anyway, it made an election promise – to improve office conditions, along the lines recommended by the Gowers Committee ten years ago. In view of the 1955 Conservative manifesto which promised legislation 'to promote a steady improvement of conditions for other workers, including those in transport, in farming, in offices and in shops', it is doubly risky to invite Conservative opposition against a measure which would help Conservative members to redeem at least one of their election pledges.

If, however, this risk was to be taken, the government spokesman in the debate would have to present a most reasonable case, based preferably, on technical grounds only. Of course, the government was in sympathy with the bill's aims, he would have to say, but the present bill was badly drafted or it wasn't comprehensive enough or, in its present form, it would require too many snoopers. Would the House be content to leave the thing in the hands of the government with the assurance that the government would do something about it reasonably soon? This is the kind of thing that Butler himself can still do without even the semblance of a wink, and the House still falls for it.

Butler, however, was on his way to Northern Ireland for what turned out to be a rather explosive weekend with Lord Brookeborough; and his deputy, Mr Dennis Vosper, possesses an innocence which makes a freshly shelled curate seem like a city slicker. He read earnestly from a brief of which the essential point was that legislation in this field is no longer necessary because, with steadily mounting prosperity, employers could safely be relied on to provide improved office conditions of their own free will without pressure from the law. When Mr Gordon Walker said that the logic of this was that we could now afford to abolish the Factory Acts, Vosper flurriedly wondered what answer would have been given in Theological School, failed to solve the problem and pressed on regardless.

Vosper's frighteningly inadequate statement probably made little difference to such Tories as Mr Martin Maddan and Mr William Shepherd, who know about office conditions, still believe in the necessity for legislation and were determined to vote for the bill anyway, whatever tut-tutting might come from the whips. But it did seriously embarrass several others who had come with an open mind and who had listened carefully to the case, which no one had been able to refute, put forward by Marsh and his seconder, Mr E. C. Redhead. Mr John Harvey, for example, probably intended to vote against the bill when he arrived in the House, because although he realised the need for action, he thought that this bill was not the right action to take. When he



spoke half-way through the debate, he had decided to abstain; but when he had fully digested Vosper and heard a winding up speech of controlled power from Mr Walter Padley, he voted for the bill. Because he, and many others, really listened to the debate and allowed themselves to be persuaded by it the second reading was carried by 129 to 76, against the government's wishes.

What will the government do now? After the Christmas recess, the bill goes upstairs to a committee normally selected as far as possible from members who have shown an interest by speaking in the second reading debate, but with a government majority. If the government is still determined to defeat this bill, it will ignore many of its own supporters who took part in the debate, and pack the committee with 'brain-washed, party hacks'. These may be difficult to obtain, for, apart from the Tories who voted for the bill, there was a substantial phalanx in the chamber who abstained in the most marked manner open to them; and even if enough lobby-fodder could be found, the government would only exacerbate many of their own side still further by using it. It would also reveal Butler's own pledge to give greater freedom to private members as nothing more than a sham – and illuminate the opposition, which Tories would like to dismiss as no more than the labourers' friend, as the sole champion of professional and white-collared workers.

If on the other hand, the government gives way on the principle, it will have to throw over Vosper's declaration of *laisser faire* Tory philosophy, which presumably Butler himself had vetted before he left for other fields. It is a nice situation – and one calculated to inspire Butler to his smooth and brilliant worst.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

The Thunderer

Shortly after he became editor of *The Times*, Sir William Haley explained in a Clayton Memorial Lecture the duty of the 'serious' press, of which he had just become a top person, compared with the scandal and triviality with which, he was sorry to say, so much of the 'popular' press concerned itself. It alone, he said, kept the influential informed of the important, employing for this purpose experts who were giving whole-time study to some individual country in order that the news should be properly sifted and interpreted. I hope Sir William will forgive me for suggesting that he should now get hold of a copy of this lecture and re-read it. And it might do no harm to pass it on to *The Times* South African desk.

I referred last week to that very odd piece *The Times* published about Mr Swart, the new Governor-General of South Africa, whose film career and 'pleasant sense of humour' engaged its attention so much that, unlike the *Mirror*, the *Herald*, the *Mail* and the *Express*, it had no space to mention his addiction to the *sjambok* for keeping Africans in their place. This week there has been another example of its odd way with the news. It concerns other arrivals from South Africa. These visitors were not so eminent as Mr Swart – merely an English carpenter and his wife who adopted a baby boy found deserted on the steps of a Catholic church. He was thought to be white, and that was all right. But he turned out to have dark hair and a sallow skin, and that – although his foster parents love him dearly – is all wrong. For he *might* have mixed blood. So they were ordered to give him up – or get out of South Africa. They chose to go. This news touched the silly hearts of the popular press, whose light-mindedness and pandering to the worst instincts of the masses are well known – Sir William commented on them in his Clayton Memorial Lecture.

The *Daily Herald* offered the carpenter and his wife, Mr and Mrs Beecher, the hospitality of its feature pages to tell their story in detail. And when they flew into London on Monday with the adopted baby, Tommy, now two years old, and their other two children (the fares were paid by the Beecher's former trade union in England, the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers), it devoted its main Page One space to them, with a three-column picture. 'Nothing,' it went on to declare in a leading article, 'more eloquently condemns the evil of South Africa's race laws than this story of a family driven out for giving love and kindness to a child.' The *Express* and the *Mail* seem to have felt much the same. Both gave the story front-page prominence. The *News Chronicle*, whose news judgment in such matters, as with that of Mr Swart the previous week, is often oddly insensitive these days, failed to say anything. It had, however, reported the affair when the Beechers left South Africa the previous day, describing the case as 'one of the craziest that even South Africa has produced'.

Nor was it only the popular papers that were conscious of the moral significance of what had happened to this unimportant carpenter and his wife. The *Daily Telegraph* carried a report and a leading article. In this it bluntly described the story of the Beechers and their little black baby (if he is black) as one more example of 'a well authenticated story coming out of South Africa which stirs pity, indignation and estrangement in millions of hearts'. The failure of the Union government to stop officials trying to take away from his foster parents after two years a little boy, whose adoption as a new-born foundling had been approved when he was thought to be white, looks, it declared, like 'yet another sign of its determination to force on its remaining friends a breach which neither Africa nor the Commonwealth can afford'.

And what of *The Times* the paper that, unlike the popular press, does not distort or suppress? It had no leading article. It had no story. So far as its readers were concerned the case of the Beechers and their baby has not happened. Not a line was printed. Mr Swart, that man of excellent humour, was given no cause to question its judgment. But can its readers any longer be equally satisfied with this judgment? These two instances of its way with awkward news – and there have been others, some of which have been quoted here previously – shake confidence. Sir William Haley's predecessor Geoffrey Dawson once noted in his diary: 'I do my utmost, night after night, to keep out of the paper anything that might hurt their (in this case the German government's) susceptibilities'. It is hard to believe that Haley has developed the same attitude to inconvenient news which distinguished a predecessor, for whose habit of keeping out of the paper things he thought people of influence might not like he has often expressed contempt. But the result seems to be getting dangerously similar. I suggest that he wastes no time in re-reading that Clayton Memorial Lecture and circulating it to his staff.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Labour and the Moral Appeal

NOT much is agreed about the last election. We were very well led, directed, and, allowing for our financial handicaps, equipped during the final fortnight. The result was remarkably disappointing. The relative prosperity of the working class had a lot to do with it. After that every submission is disputed, including those concerned with the moral quality of our appeal.

The Times disposed of both the main parties as rival auctioneers or hire-purchase salesmen. It had been a 'poor campaign', and the Labour Party were, I would say, caricatured as the party of uncharitableness. Quite otherwise Mr Crossman. He has referred in the NEW STATESMAN to 'those wonderful weeks of the election when we were a campaigning crusading party'. Later, however, he has substantially accepted Mr Enoch Powell's diagnosis that what we lacked was a 'great simple central theme'.

Personalities can mercifully be avoided. Mr Gaitskell has improved his stature immensely, particularly among men of goodwill, and most of all by his bearing in the darkest hour. Mr Bevan is a man whom we, for example, in the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children know well to be all heart where the most afflicted and helpless are concerned. Mr Wilson, in my hearing on the platform, and in the columns of the NEW STATESMAN, left no doubt about the genuineness and mastery of his Christian Socialist approach to poverty. We must look elsewhere for our Achilles heel!

My wife and I between us covered over 50 constituencies. We had probably an even better means of judging than those who held large audiences captive. I am quite clear in my own mind on these propositions:

(1) The party were happy to be going into battle at last as a united brotherhood. Hence much internal euphoria.

(2) We were unbitter, unmalicious, non-mud-slinging.

(3) We aroused no special enthusiasm outside our own ranks. Our auto-intoxication proved non-infectious.

(4) In particular we made little moral impact on those most sensitive to moral argument – the whole race of social workers, for example.

(5) Barring a super slump or other national disaster, we shall not win an election until these last two features are changed.

At this point the right- and left-wing partisans spring forward with convenient explanations. Discount, as I do, the complacent theory that our policy was intrinsically perfect, and that the only things lacking were the time and energy and ingenuity to put it over. We are left with an argument about the different emphasis that we might have put on what we call public ownership and what to the general public is still 'nationalisation'. Could we have gained votes by playing it down? (Right wing). Or by playing it up? (Left wing). The implications of all this for future policy are undeniable. A solution must and will be hammered out in party discussion. I am confident that no changes on this front that were in any way practical politics in 1959 would have caused the moral pulse to beat any faster.

Wherein then lies the hope of a moral appeal of altogether different potency? Mr Gaitskell's statement of Socialist principles, as expounded at Blackpool, could hardly have been improved on for their purpose. But abstract inspiration of this kind is inevitably confined to a handful of conceptual thinkers. What are indispensable are

concrete causes to bring these principles alive for the multitude.

But how, it may be asked, is a moral appeal to be identified? We enter here a realm of imponderables, not to say indefinables. Few of us, however, would deny our own capacity to recognise a moral crusade when we saw one. The language in which it is clothed is secondary. Uplift speeches are ten a penny, as those of us who have suffered or inflicted many of them are well aware. The crucial test is surely a readiness for sacrifice elicited among the people, corresponding to an equivalent nobility in the cause and selflessness among its promoters.

But in modern politics, we shall be told, the appeal for sacrifice is itself a luxury or at the best a public-relations dodge. How can those who really want power – in our case for beneficent ends – ever make a genuine appeal to a community to deny itself anything? The point is of the first importance. Many distinctions can be drawn between various forms of self-interest (e.g., short-term *versus* long-term, material *versus* spiritual, this worldly *versus* other-worldly). Also between sacrifices within the community, e.g., by the rich for the poor, and at the expense of the community, e.g., by richer for poorer countries. The main issue can be illustrated briefly here by a quotation from Mr Crossman's penetrating review in the NEW STATESMAN of Mr Strachey's splendid *End of Empire*.

Mr Crossman quotes Mr Strachey as saying that in terms of enlightened self-interest there is no case for large-scale aid to underdeveloped countries. We must do it simply because it is morally right. 'If this conclusion were correct', says Mr Crossman, 'catastrophe would be inevitable, since no democratic government can undertake policies which violate the interests of the people it represents.' Mr Crossman would hardly claim that the interests of the world as a whole always coincide with the interests of each particular country. His argument leads to the conclusion that, in any conflict whatever between national interest and world interest, national interest should always be preferred.

If Mr Crossman argued that a really Socialist volume of aid from the rich countries to the poor would be an act unprecedented in history he would not, I am afraid, be easily overthrown. But surely British Socialists today are not going to agree so tamely that nothing good and big can ever be done for the first time. The condition of the world is so unprecedented; national and international interests are blurred as never before. As Mr Strachey says of the immense sacrifice he indicates, 'if that is not right what is?' If that does not supply the Labour Party with a moral appeal what will?

But for those who shrink from Abana and Pharpar, waters of Damascus, the rivers of Israel are at hand. Morally and politically there was one clear defect in our domestic programme at the election. We aimed too obviously at the votes. Nothing was included which could not be justified, but there were glaring sins of omission. We became excited about 'Youth' only on the eve of the election. In the election manifesto there was no explicit mention of mental health, no mention at all of penal reform or after-care of prisoners, to pick out only one or two domestic causes which all Socialists must surely be concerned with. Philosophers have taught us repeatedly that you cannot win happiness by aiming at it directly, and the same seems true of the hearts of an electoral majority.

Last February the government themselves published a White Paper, for example, in which the majority of our prisons were described as a 'monumental denial' of the principles for which the nation stands. It has not yet been debated in the House of Commons. Don't let's be put off by the theory that there are no votes in penal reform or prison after-care. Taking each such item in isolation, that could be statistically correct. But a party stirred by such causes would be capable of stirring and converting those outside its ranks where now we are powerless to move them. 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his justice and all these things shall be added unto you.' It is fairly certain that they will otherwise not be forthcoming.

FRANK PAKENHAM

India's Agricultural Defeat

René Dumont, the author of this article, is professor at the Ecole Nationale Supreme d'Agronomie *in Paris. He has been official adviser to many governments, and his books on underdeveloped agriculture are widely held to be the most important contribution in this field in recent decades. He was lately a member of the UN Commission for Evaluating Community Development Schemes in India and is now advising the government of the Ivory Coast.*

THE chief emphasis of India's first Five Year Plan was on agriculture, which (including Community Development) got 15 per cent. of the allocations. A further 28 per cent. went to irrigation and power (China, by comparison, allocated only eight per cent. to agriculture, heavy industry being given priority). India's Second Five Year Plan reduced agriculture to 11.8 per cent., irrigation and power to 17.9 per cent, while 4.2 per cent. went to village and small industries; industries and minerals rose by 7.6 to 18.4 per cent.

The report on the first agricultural plan is a paean of victory, with a 16 per cent. increase recorded for the last year of the first plan (1955-56) on the base year of 1949/50 and as much as 23 per cent. for the following year. Hence the objectives for the second five years, originally fixed at a 15 per cent. increase for food-grains (cotton 31 per cent., sugar 22, oilseeds 27), were raised, in spring 1958, to 24, 55, 35 and 38 per cent. respectively. For food-grain, therefore, the targets were set at 80.5 million tons by the end of the period (1960-61).

I spent last winter in India, studying the Community Development scheme. The atmosphere was one of semi-famine: prices of cereals rising – they have been above world averages since 1955; attempts to fix prices; disappearance of stocks underground; Calcutta suffered, in August-September 1959, riots and hunger. And yet 1958 was a good monsoon, with a record harvest – 70 to 73 million tons of food-grains according to estimates. Still, in February 1959, wheat cost a rupee a kilogram in the market at Bhopal, capital of Madhya Pradesh! How is this to be explained?

If we look at the seven years following 1949-50, taking 100 as base, the volume of agricultural production was estimated as: 95.6, 97.5, 102 114.3, 116.4, 115.9, 123. This graph reflects a series of bad years followed by a series of good. Moreover, the Ministry of Agriculture underestimated the harvests up to 1953, but became more accurate when it was made responsible for the plan. Thus part of the increase shown is due to statistical error.

At the end of April 1959, 13 US experts from the Ford Foundation published a report, *India's Food Crisis and Steps to Meet It* (Delhi, 1959), which estimated that the population of India would increase by 50 million during the five years of the third plan; hence, by 1965-66, India would require 110 million tons of food-grains a year. The present trend of production would yield only 82 million. Importation cannot cover the deficit – a quarter of the minimum total consumption required. The experts, therefore, urged that the solution of the food problem should be treated as an operation of war and that top priority should once more be given to agriculture. Daniel Thorner writes of the Ford Foundation report as a 'strategy of terror', designed to reverse the present priority of industry. Like the Ford experts, I regard the present situation as tragic. But to abandon industrialisation will solve nothing – on the contrary. To plan wisely we must first examine what has gone wrong.

The variations in the monsoon are notorious. India's soils are exhausted by inefficient farming, but a little humus and nitrogen can make them very productive, so long as there is enough water. Indeed, much of India is well supplied with moisture; irrigation prospects are good, and with a permanent supply of water, two or three harvests a year are feasible – an impossibility in north and central China, which suffers from winter frosts.

The chief obstacles, in fact, are not natural but human. The big landowners, created by Lord Cornwallis in 1793 to replace the Mogul *zamindars* in the east and subsequently in the south of India, have not invested in the land; they became pure parasites. The caste system confers a definitive social status, virtually eliminating prospects of promotion through hard work. Manual labour is considered degrading; it is more respectable to do nothing at all than to supervise, let alone toil.

The first plan accomplished many major irrigation schemes. In Bengal, near Burdwan, I saw the last irrigation canals of the Damodar Valley Corporation: the water runs freely along the channels under the dykes throughout the rainy season. The peasants have not built a single side-canal to bring the water to their fields. The small dykes around each rice-field are two to three inches high, compared with ten to 12 inches in China. Hence, only a small proportion of the heavy rains can be retained in the fields. The water stored at great cost behind the dams is distributed in a wasteful manner during the monsoon. The peasant pays by the surface, and not by the volume of water which he really uses; hence he has no interest in economy. And

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naturally, when a dry season comes, water is short: last winter the Damodar supplied only 2,000 hectares (against a calculation of 120,000 in a few years' time), compared with 170,000 – and a target of 400,000 hectares altogether – in the rainy seasons.

In Mysore State, in the south of the Deccan, the irrigation system installed 12 to 30 years ago, where the water runs over during seven and a half months, still supports only one rice-crop, becoming a paddy-field four months after thinning. The extension of double-cropping, which is advancing so fast in China, has hardly begun in India – even though the climate is more suitable. Hence the huge capital investment on irrigation is largely wasted. Last year, out of 6.4 million acres which the first plan provided with irrigation facilities, less than 1.6 million were in fact irrigated – badly, too, and only for one season. Only in 1958 did India give priority to small-scale water-works, which cost four to five times less per hectare and can be used immediately. But those who benefit refuse to take part in such work – medium-sized peasants rarely work, and 'kulaks' almost never. There remains, therefore, only the poorest type of sharecropper – who pays rent in kind – and the labourer; and why should they bother to improve somebody else's land?

Since the 'Grow More Food' campaign, launched after the war, proved unsatisfactory, it was decided, in 1951-2, to set on foot a 'total modernisation' of the villages – education, health, co-operatives, local councils . . . and even production. In the first village I visited in the Punjab, near Nilokheri – a show-place, evidently – the streets were paved with bricks so that visiting bureaucrats would no longer get their feet muddy. But there was no sign of a drainage scheme – the bottleneck of agricultural production – and no plans to start one; each year, surplus water cut down yields of sorgum and cotton. A water-well – so useful against dysentery – had been sunk for each caste; and in each case the lip was too large, thus wasting cement which was in short supply for irrigation gutters. In the Children's Park, there was a slide made of steel – steel desperately needed for agricultural machinery and ploughshares. Even European villages do not yet possess all these amenities. India has tried to become a Welfare State before creating the basic economy required to sustain it. Comfort has been given priority over production. To raise this a higher investment in actual man-hours, provided by the peasants, would have been necessary. Labourers and smallholders in India have higher wages than in China in 1955. Village underemployment is concentrated in the middle-classes who, though not necessarily well-off, have small estates or secure tenancies, and can exploit their smallholders or sub-tenants.

The *chramdan*, or voluntary work, has never been very widespread, or totalled more than a few days a year. It was more a symbol, designed to remove prejudice against manual work, and was used mainly on roads and schools. The limited enthusiasm it initially aroused is dying down, and the *chramdan* is now disappearing. I came to India with the idea of taking off my coat and working on one of these roads. It was impossible: in a three-month visit, I came across only one team in action. (In China, I saw several every day.) And what little effort is being made scarcely boosts actual production. For improvements benefit the landlord, who is unwilling to invest anything himself.

After independence, the first land-reform was the abolition of the feudal lords, the *zamindars*. To begin with, the operation of this law, which provided full compensation, proved very expen-

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sive (the Nizam of Hyderabad is said to get five million rupees a year), the money having to come out of funds otherwise available for productive investment. Moreover, the *zamindar* was able to retain a large part of his lands, often through a so-called voluntary renunciation by the sharecroppers. He is also their banker; as such – other forms of credit being lacking – how could he fail to obtain such agreements from them? According to a study of the workings of the Bombay Tenancy Act (by the Gokhale Institute of Politics and Economics, Poona), two-thirds of such renunciations were the result of threats.

Laws were then passed with the object of limiting rents; but often these merely benefited a new privileged class. In virtually all cases, the regulations were a dead letter. At Sahajapur (West Bengal), I found a sharecropper who got only one-third of the harvest, though, as he himself provided seed, harness and implements, he was guaranteed 60 per cent. by law. A 50-50 share-out is the rule; and, unlike the European sharecropper, the Indian pays for all production costs. He pays for the manure used in the 'Japanese method' of rice-growing, while the landlord gets the surplus harvest for nothing. The sharecropper has learnt his lesson: he won't continue to exert himself.

Besides sharecropping, usury is the greatest evil of Indian agriculture. Interest rates of 75 and 37.5 per cent. are standard, with mortgages as security; but a poor servant may pay up to 800 per cent. – I found an example near Hyderabad – on high interest rates. I came across an agricultural labourer, employed only for six months in the year on big projects near Allahabad, who was getting four pounds of wheat per working day, instead of the local rate of five pounds – because he had borrowed the price of three maunds (245 lb) of corn seven years before. He will have to pay this daily pound of flesh for the rest of his life, for he will never be able to pay back the capital. When I was there, he had already paid back the sum he borrowed five times over! When I brought such cases to the notice of the officials in charge of the Development Blocks, they looked the other way: 'We haven't the power to intervene in such matters'.

Agricultural wages are often further reduced by the relics of the caste system. Although the higher castes can no longer exact totally unpaid labour – or *begar* – they often pay below-average wages. Two shepherds, aged 45 and 25, whom I met south of Madras, were getting, in January, 1959, in total, five rupees or one dollar a month, without food. How were they to live? The Community Development scheme is supposed to ask all members of a community to make voluntary efforts to end such cases. But what sense of community is possible between such labourers and sharecroppers, debased, exploited and despised, and their landlords, moneylenders and Brahmins?

Indian production of food-grains stagnated, or declined slightly, from 1890 to 1945; the annual quantity available *per capita* thus fell from 600 to 400 pounds. At the end of 1958, with 400 million inhabitants, there was an average of 410 pounds available at the end of a good year, as against scarcely 400 pounds for the three previous years. In 1958, China had 800 pounds – twice as much – *per capita* (on the assumption that the corrected figures of 26 August 1959 are reliable).

As a result of the failure to exploit the resources of rural manpower to the full, to give production priority over luxury, and to provide all classes with a direct motive to invest, Indian agricultural production is even failing to keep up with the growth in population; this reached two per cent. in 1959 and is likely to shoot ahead – there is little 'family planning' and the mortality rate is falling rapidly.

Hence all India's development plans are in jeopardy; for they require, first and foremost, large agricultural surpluses, in order to cut imports (25 million tons of cereals in the last ten years), increase exports (there is barely a trade balance in agricultural products), build up light industry (India imports cotton, copra and many useless items such as arak nuts); and improve the national diet and hence productivity.

China demands from her peasants efforts which are superhuman and often become inhuman. India, lacking a genuine agrarian reform, cannot arouse among the peasants the enthusiasm needed to secure their submission to the hard work which only they can provide. She relies too much on external aid, which cannot replace internal effort. In Rome, S. K. Dey, of the FAO, asked me: 'Do you prefer democracy or economic progress?' I answered: 'For well-fed people like you and me, democracy has more to offer'. But in the long run, without development, it obviously cannot survive. Can India achieve a real social revolution, abolishing castes and reducing the grosser inequalities, using non-Communist methods? It appears unlikely. Indeed, such methods are now largely discredited, as a result of the failure – which will soon be strikingly confirmed – of the Community Development scheme, often confidently presented as the great secret weapon of anti-Communism. China will soon force us to begin our thinking about these problems all over again. Shall we be able to do it effectively, and in time?

RENE DUMONT

London Diary

THE strangest pair of bedfellows political perversity ever made must surely be Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery and Mr Gerald Hamilton. Whoever would have dreamed that these two would be found one day tucked up together, as it were, between the ideological sheets? The austerely hearty Monty and the ultra-sophisticated cosmopolitan 'Mr Norris', as Gerald Hamilton is affectionately nicknamed on account of the fancied – and purely imaginary – resemblance between himself and his friend Isherwood's famous character. It is the sort of fantastic juxtaposition you might expect to find in a NEW STATESMAN competition or a game of Consequences. Yet here they are together in real life espousing the cause of the South African government and apartheid. Both have been visiting the Union. Gerald Hamilton is still there. Like the swallows, he prefers to winter in a warm climate whenever possible. He is expressing cautious sympathy for the South African government, which, he suggests, has been much misunderstood. His friends, who have always been careful to separate Gerald Hamilton's political vagaries from the rich, timeless compost of his personality, which has been compared to a paté unusually well stuffed with truffles, will be amusing themselves reconstructing snatches of dialogue between the two venerable ideologues.

'Everything is all tickettyboo, Hamilton, don't fuss! These Dutch chaps have got the Bantu properly buttoned up.'

'I'm so glad to hear you say that, Field-Marshal. You relieve my feelings immensely.'

* * *

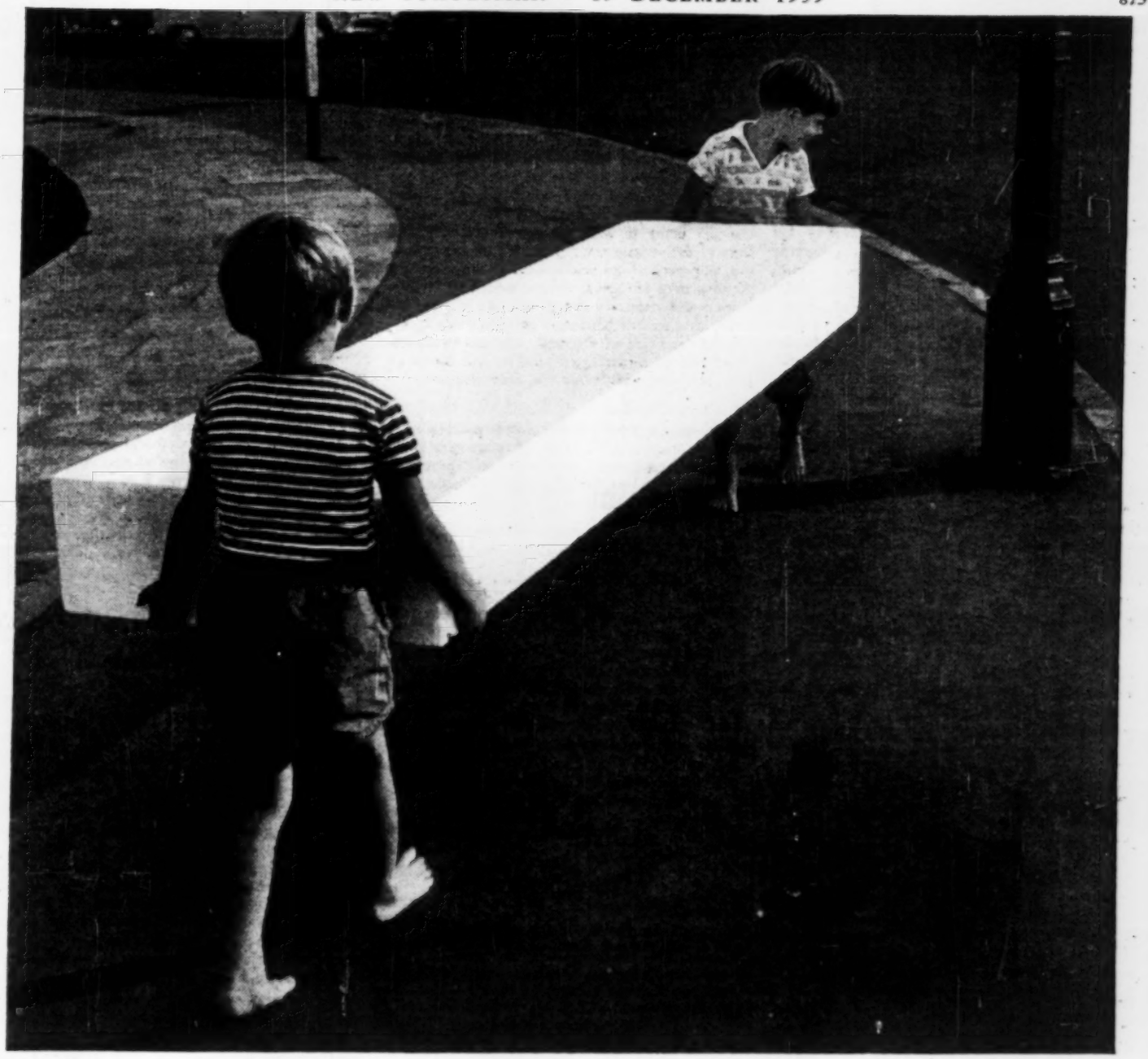
The Heath, under a lowering shortest-day sky that seems to sit right on top of your head, looks like the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir. One begins to understand Hampstead's high suicide rate. Even so, quite a good turnout of regulars. That dauntless crimson spherical septuagenarian in shorts is running slowly uphill as always. He never gets any thinner. Perhaps he is a president of the Wine and Food Society in perpetual training. The Squire of Kenwood, as we call the eupeptic gent in the green hat with the shaving brush, is pacing the terrace nodding to everyone as if it was all a gigantic house party and he the host. My favourite snatch of overheard conversation on a Heath Walk is this from a post-mortem of Stalinism: 'You know when I first smelt a rat? In the *History of the CPSU (B)* in the chapter on dialectical materialism, which he wrote himself, there was never any reference to the negation of the negation. I said to myself: either this is a deliberate omission or it's ignorance. It made me very uneasy. . . .' Near the tumulus a model aeroplane has crashed into a tree and disturbed a squirrel from hibernation. It gnashes and chitters. I can never get anyone to believe in the method of catching squirrels used by Shilstone, the Devonshire dompteur of Clyst St George, who rode to point-to-points with his tame fox sitting in front of him and his still tamer badger riding pillion behind. He would remove the shot from a 410 cartridge and substitute a paste of dried blood. This when fired at the squirrel stuck to its face like a mask. Blinded, the squirrel came down from the tree and walked round in circles. It sounds, I know, like something out of Münchausen, but it is really far too improbable to be invented.

* * *

An early Christmas card from Lisbon from N, containing a cryptic reference to the Salamander (this is what he calls Dr Salazar on account of his gift for survival), reminds me of the visit we paid together to a Portuguese orphanage. It was in one of the coastal suburbs on the way to Estoril. It had been endowed by a family of newspaper proprietors and exhibition concessionaires. They were extremely proud of their philanthropy. The building was not unimpressive, light and clean and floored with that stone mosaic at which Portuguese workmen are perpetually tapping and chipping. I was rather surprised to notice how many of the children were in bed in their dormitories. I was told they were having a rest. No signs of any education going on. When I commented on this the director of the orphanage bowed low and said what they needed was a nice rest. No vocational training of any kind? He said there wasn't really any time. But how long were the children in the orphanage? A fortnight. What happened to them after that? Oh, they were dropped by the orphanage's van at as near as possible to the spot in Lisbon where they had been picked up. Then a new batch was collected. I asked why they didn't follow the customary orphanage plan and keep the children until homes could be found for them. I was told that I didn't understand Portuguese social conditions, also that to favour a few when there were so many would be most inequitable. N, an old Lisbon hand, told me there was something peculiarly and distinctively Portuguese about this display of logic.

* * *

'I like to walk down Bond Street thinking of all the things I don't want.' This slogan, suitable for the anti-shopper in the Pink Zone, comes from Logan Pearsall Smith. Perhaps it is unfair to quote it now, when people cursed with obsessional temperaments are being quite sharply tormented by the problem of what to get. It leads



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you on to thoughts of anti-presents, unwant tokens or de-wishful tablets – Scroogene would be a suitable proprietary brand – that would induce abnegation. As the Festival of St Sales Manager looms closer, these black clouds of anti-Christmas spirit, are apt to well up. No use repressing them. They need to be vented in advance or they may culminate in a Christmas Day melancholia. If you feel one coming on, duck out of all organised pre-Christmas celebrations, such as office parties, as soon as possible. Be thankful you are not in any active branch of the backslapping business where overtraining for Christmas is an occupational risk. One young sales rep, whom I met quite early in the month, was already discovering his soul and finding the process painful. 'You're either a mug or a thug,' he kept on groaning. 'No two ways about it in the modern business world. Mug or thug. Unless,' he added wistfully, 'you're a thug-mug like me'.

* * *

One of the more forgivable foibles of the first Lord Birkenhead was his penchant for the society of Maundy Gregory, the unofficial title-broker, 'Old Friday' as he was known in backstairs politics of the Twenties. You will not find any reference to this in *F.E.*, Lord Birkenhead's newly revised and de-idolised life of his father, but that is not surprising as there are almost no references to Maundy Gregory in the public history of the period. When the hard-faced business men who had done well out of the war came to negotiate with Gregory at his preposterously over-furnished office at the *Whitehall Gazette*, they sometimes had doubts about whether he could really deliver the goods. ('Remember, my dear sir,' Gregory would say, if they showed signs of sticking at a knighthood – £10,000 – and not paying £30,000 for a baronetcy or £100,000 for a peerage, 'remember you have the power to found a dynasty.') It was impossible, of course, to get official confirmation on the spot; in the early stages an element of trust was necessary. If they hesitated, Gregory would ask them to dine with him at the Ambassador Club in Conduit Street, which he owned, and would seat them between Lord Mottistone (Jack Seeley) and Lord Birkenhead. Finding himself with the Secretary for War on one side and the Lord Chancellor on the other, the hard-faced one was no longer in any doubt about Maundy Gregory being in with the top people. The full story of the peerage for the late Sir Joseph Robinson, the tycoon who was known as the most unpopular man in South Africa, and how it miscarried will probably never be told. He had already paid for his baronetcy so they made him a special cut price of £30,000; but the Establishment, headed by George V, put its foot down. By then, however, the cheque had been cashed.

* * *

You should find this paragraph easy to read. Even if there is little in it. It is written to Dr Rudolf Flesch's plan. Dr Flesch is an expert (US) on advertising copy. He has made a sentence chart. It says that sentences of up to eight words are very easy to read. Up to 11 easy. Up to 17 standard. Up to 23 difficult. Up to 29 very difficult. Words must be short. Fifty-four or more affixes per hundred gets very difficult. (Dr Flesch's definition of an affix includes the 'dys' of dysentery and the 'am' of ambiguous.) And you must make as many personal references – 'you, I, me, wife, husband, boss, pal' – per hundred words as you can. It is hard to keep sentences down to eight words. You can write round like Basic English. You can put in more full stops. You can leave out words as in Cablese. But what are you to do about all the new long atomic-age words? They bristle with affixes. (I read about Dr Flesch. And his plan. In one of my favourite books. *The Shocking History of Advertising*, by E. S. Turner.)

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Bread,
A recent 'Family Doctor' booklet said*
Is extremely good for keeping you living
And actually thriving
It's full of protein, which as you may know
Is jolly good for making you grow
It's also rich in carbohydrate
Which I'd rate
High in giving you energy
(And all the doctors agree with me)
Iron and calcium—they're both in
So's vitamin B_1, and niacin
And also, bread tastes nice—
So isn't 'Use your Loaf' a slice
Of sound advice?

*'Know and Enjoy your Daily Bread'. We'll send you a copy if you like.

National Food Survey 1958.
In 1958, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 22.7% of the energy; 24.4% of the protein; 29% of the Vitamin B_1; 27.7% of the niacin; 25.8% of the iron.
Note:—*All flour contains, per 100 grams of flour;* Vitamin B_1, *not less than 0.24 milligrams;* Niacin, *not less than 1.60 milligrams;* Iron, *not less than 1.65 milligrams;* Calcium, *not less than 94 milligrams.*

ISSUED BY
THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON ST., LONDON, S.W.1

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The most important and controversial of the questions raised at the Cambridge Riding Club's 'Any Questions?' evening at Owen Webb House yesterday was 'Does the fox enjoy being hunted?' The panel of four generally agreed that it did not, basically because they thought that an animal like the fox was incapable of such an emotion as enjoyment.—*Cambridge Daily News.* (H. E. Percival.)

I see that Unesco is proposing to spend £17,000,000 to safeguard some ancient ruins in the Nile valley threatened with flooding under the Aswan dam scheme.

The constituent members, which include Britain, are expected to foot the bill. But what have the Pharaohs and their successors done for Britain?—Letter in *Sunday Express.* (N. Kelly.)

Mr. A. Asprey, of the famous firm of silver and gold smiths, talked about quality in his craft. One of the examples he brought along was a gold nail file covered with crushed diamonds to give it an extra fine filing action. 'It's a great economy,' he assured us, 'for although it costs £140 it will never wear out.' —*Scotsman.* (J. D. Jones.)

Wanted, gentlewoman interested welfare and psychology of donkeys. Devoted animals generally. All-weather life. Thinker and reader appreciated. Impeccable references, humour, imagination essential. Salary modest.—Advt in *Times.* (John Vinden.)

Why I Ran Away

The author of this article is an African journalist whose home until recently was Johannesburg. This summer he left South Africa for good and came to settle – and earn his living – in Britain.

WHEN all the facts have been examined, the motives analysed, the rationalisations equated, I still have to face my guilty conscience, my colour and the commitment to fight the prejudices against it. And nagging at the back of my mind persists this confrontation: Were you not running away in deciding to leave South Africa? The fact is, I ran away. I am a coward. False heroics and rationalisations are unnecessary.

South Africa is a pigmentocracy, dedicated before God and the whole world to the proposition that 'South Africa is the white man's country: it shall never be ruled by Kaffirs, Hottentots and Coolies'. White is right, and to be black is to be despised, dehumanised, classed among the beasts, hounded and persecuted, discriminated against, segregated and oppressed by government and by man's greed. White is the positive standard, black is the negative. Symbols of wealth, prestige and authority are allocated to the whites; and inferiority, humiliation and servitude are the lot of the black man. The society is divided into groups of 'haves' and 'have-nots'. The 'haves' want to keep on having and to see to it that the 'have-nots' work for them.

Although the whites have their ideological differences, they are united in the broader concept of maintaining white supremacy and the furtherance of that state. There is a vital, but small number, of liberal South Africans who believe in a shared society with more concessions made to the Africans, who contend that race legislations should be more humane, just and Christian. They believe in the gradual integration of 'responsible' Africans into the social, economic and political life of South Africa.

Under normal conditions with a show of faith, this could be acceptable to the responsible Africans. But the responsible African is a despised figurehead, and the reality lies in the recognition and acceptance of the irresponsible African, who does not want his freedom on the never-never scheme, but wants it now. This irresponsible African is the one to be reckoned with – while there is still time.

He is impatient, militant and a revolutionary. He is obsessed with freedom, that it is his historical right. He resents being told that as soon as power rests in his hands the minority races, the whites, will be oppressed. This I find fascinating. Why do these minority races believe that they have a moral right to oppress the Africans, when they, in turn, fear oppression directed towards them? Do they hold a world patent? The African knows what it is like to be oppressed – he is preoccupied with cancelling it and stamping it out from the face of the world. Oppression is not an expression of his life.

During moments of bitterness I have been known to blurt out that white South Africans need to be made to live through the humiliation of oppression, to be made to realise its total inhumanity. But oppression is something that cannot be wished on even one's enemies. This is what is so terrifying about being black in South Africa, this maniacal desire to revenge, but even more terrifying is the reality that the white South African, who counts, is determined to maintain the system. Denying the African all the civilised means, not only to change the system, but even to protest against it in a democratic manner.

All the avenues of moral protest have been blockaded by legislation like the Natives (Prohibition of Interdicts) Act of 1956, by which the Governor-General can, by proclamation, order an African to leave a certain area. This the African must do, and no court of law may grant an interdict preventing such summary endorsement or an appeal for a stay or suspension of the removal order: this even if it is established as a fact that the order was intended for someone else and was served in error. The provisions of the Natives Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act of 1953, stipulate that it is unlawful for an African to go on strike. He becomes liable, on conviction, to imprisonment for three years, to a maximum fine of £500, or a combination of the two. The Public Safety Act of 1953, empowers the Governor-General, or under special conditions the Minister of Justice, to authorise, by proclamation, any police constable to arrest any person and imprison him without trial. This state of emergency may be invoked whenever the authorities hold that the safety of the public is endangered and the ordinary law is inadequate.

Euphemistically there is freedom of speech in South Africa, enjoyed in equal measure by all, even the African, so long as it is not used to criticise the government's racial policy. The Suppression of Communism Act makes such criticisms a treasonable offence. This Act enables anybody to be labelled as a Communist who asserts that any form of government which withholds from a people the basic human rights is wrong and must be abolished. I believe that South Africa is a tyranny, that the system should be smashed, if not by moral protest, then by force. And so I have finally done it; I have committed treason against the legally constituted government of the state.

All these acts and prohibitions almost drove me to the point of being insensitive to oppression. I carried a pass because it was law, lived in a segregated location, used the 'Natives Only' entrances into public buildings, used the 'Natives and Goods' lifts, walked over to 'Native Counters' in the Post Office and the Bank, used the green 'For Coloured Persons Only' buses and allowed myself to be segregated and barely tolerated in the Indian-owned cinemas.

I locked myself up in my room to have that illegal drink, bowed to the Immorality Act of 1957, which lays down that sexual acts between black and white are illegal, immoral and un-Christian. I permitted my labour to be exploited because I had to live. I accepted the discrimination against my skin as a physical reality I had to live with; accommodated the humiliation of labels like 'John' or 'Jim' or 'Boy' without strongly protesting. I stood by while a sidewalk bully pushed his finger into my nostril, spitting insults at me. Stood there suffocating with anger, afraid that any moment I was going to shout: 'Go to hell!' Restraining my fingers from closing round his throat and squeezing.

Then against my impulses would rise the voice of discretion: 'Don't do it! You must not lose your temper. It's not worth it, bide your time.' I would know the wisdom of it, and in the face of the gathered crowd I would apologise appropriately, plead with the white bully not to strike me. Some white gallants would smile acknowledgingly and the women would be sympathetic and advise me to go home, John.

I could not live with it any longer. I knew that I had to run or lose my temper and even my sanity. I was not a dedicated platform politician, not even a member of the African National Congress. I was blinded by the violence of the oppression and could not reconcile my feelings with the ANC policy of non-violence in the face of violence. The situation became unbearable to me as an individual. I felt stifled, unable to express and fulfil myself as an individual man. I felt the relentless inevitability of the clash, the direct immediacy of blood, in the resolving of the South African riddle. The prospect terrified me as I began to see this as the realism to which Africans are being driven. Because I am a coward, because I love humanity more than I hate oppression, I could not stay to face the possibility of slitting throats. I hate all violence, mental and physical, and no rationalisation can cease its stark horror: I am a moral coward who cannot take a gun and go to war.

I know that the riddle of South Africa will have to be resolved in South Africa, perhaps without blood. But the possibility of bloodshed cannot be brushed aside; and I hope that through my writing I can yet make the world realise the danger gathering in the Union. That what will happen there will touch the rest of the world. For the world outside is responsible for the furtherance and continuance of the system. I indict the world. Every investment, every gold bar bought from South Africa helps to pay for the machinery of apartheid.

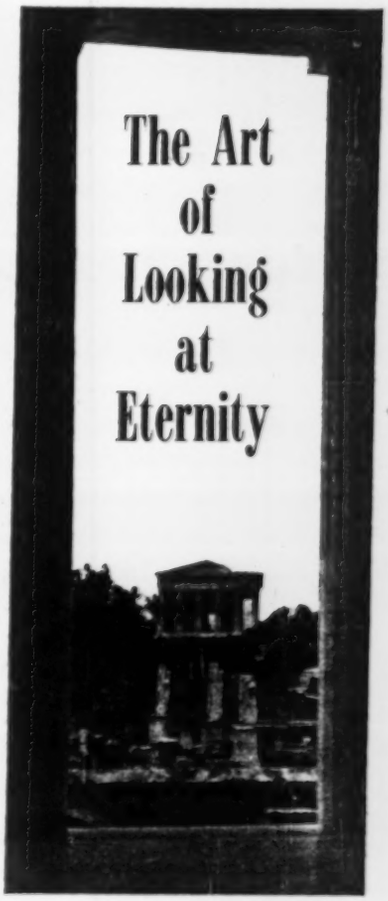
BLOKE MODISANE

Wedding Breakfast at St Pancras

THERE was a whiff of the historic occasion in the air. It was also a little like a wedding breakfast, this launching ceremony, at the St Pancras Town Hall, of the *New Left Review*, which is the union of the *New Reasoner* and the *Universities and Left Review*. 'An auspicious occasion,' said the chairman, a member of the 23-strong editorial board, setting the tone, praising the ULR's and the NR's 'substantial contribution'.

But before running the gauntlet of *Tribune* and *Peace News* vendors at the Town Hall door ('Read it already,' I said to a *Tribune* girl. 'Read it again,' she said, quick as a flash) and before sheepishly confessing to a mistaken steward that I was not a speaker, I had called at the 'Partisan' coffee bar in Soho, where the magazine is produced, and bought a cup of coffee for 9d. This was a mistake, in the way that it's a mistake before wedding breakfasts to take a cool look at marriages one knows. It limits the enthusiasm of one's sentiments, you might say. Below the large paintings of a crowd staring at Christ and of a mother and child, neither painting exactly full of hope, the coffee drinkers were quiet in a gloomy sort of way. One had his head in his hands. Gloominess, of course, is a perfectly proper frame of mind; not, sometimes, to share it is a failure of character. I hurried away through the rain.

When the four-piece band left the platform, three rows of illuminati took their place – Silverman, Murdoch, Lessing, Ayer, Zilliacus, etc. – the front row being the speakers, Bourdet, Hall, Jones, Thompson, Jeger and other, less familiar, faces. By my computer there were 600 people in the hall, but a neighbour put the figure at 750. Certainly the place was crowded, and not everyone was young. Some of the time I was distracted by a smell of burning until a girl on my right stamped-out a cigarette which was burning a hole in the carpet; and some of the time by the embarassment I usually feel at wedding breakfasts when uncles rise to their feet and start-in on the old well-wishing. Claud Bourdet, for instance,



In the serene surroundings of the Holy Rock, the magic of Hellenic Grandeur envelops the Traveller. A Holiday in

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expressed himself as disillusioned by Attlee and Bevin and, to a lesser extent, by the Bevanites: he was not yet disillusioned by the ULR and the NR. It was a nice, cosy, family kind of audience. When M. Bourdet remarked that he was going to talk about foreign affairs 'as a bloody foreigner', everyone laughed delightedly.

Quite what one has the right to expect of a meeting of this kind, however, I do not know. Perhaps one should embrace the simple faith, accepting that here are two periodicals which have done excellent and necessary work and are now wisely combining; that some hard Socialist thinking needs to be done, not only for Britain's sake, but for the sake of Socialists abroad who are watching *New Left Review* with great interest; that these are the men to do it; and that the meeting's function is merely to record these facts, show the flag and raise some money. If the audience is large and the collection big, then the meeting is a success. Both these conditions were met.

I confess, though, to suffering occasionally from an old complaint, from the Khayyam syndrome. This involves frequenting doctor and saint, hearing great argument, evermore coming out by that same door as in you went, and still going back for more in the hope that it will be different this time. So that to hear, early on, mild derision of psephologists, of Mackenzie, of certain Labour MPs, agreeable though these sentiments may be, is very little different from hearing some old party warhorse go through the motions. Nor was it very bracing, for all her earnest charm, to hear an 18-year-old girl speak for her generation and express disgust at nearly everything.

But after an interlude in which Mervyn Jones acted as a kind of auctioneer for copies of the new magazine (signed by the platform) and a collection was made to add to the takings at the door, the sense of history came creeping back into the bones. Lawrence Daly, a Fife miner, made a very moving speech; Mrs Jeger spoke very pertinently; Raymond Williams and Stuart Hall said the kind of things, sensible, imaginative and modest, which suggests that the enterprise may well succeed, as one hopes it will. Alas, the chairman had to ask these last speakers to be brief so that there would be time afterwards for the selling of signed books (and to catch a drink before they closed, one would have thought he might have added, but he didn't). Stuart Hall, who edits the new magazine – during the collection it was jovially pointed out that his salary had to be paid – presented much of the argument of his editorial in a soft, compelling voice. 'At some point the distant wariness between intellectual and industrial workers *must* be broken down. It is one of the dangerous aspects of the present plight of the Socialist movement. Our hope is that NLR will begin to knit together this broken conversation.'

The meeting, which began at 8 p.m., ended at 10.40. No one left before the end; the collection raised £144 3s. 3¼d. A lot more is needed. A quick opinion sample at the door found it a well-liked affair. 'A bit moral,' said one guest. Back in the crush at the 'Partisan' there was now a babble of talk, but all, as the man said, a bit moral. There wasn't much laughing and shouting at the meeting, and there wasn't much laughing and shouting here; only grave faces considering grave events and the problems of post-capitalist society, faces weighed down by the troubles of our time. A shade educational, you might say. But perhaps this is how it should be in a place dedicated, as the editorial puts it, to creating 'centres of Socialist work and activity – rallying points of disturbance and discontent within the local community, the nerve centres of a genuinely popular and informed Socialist movement'.

At 3s. 6d. the *New Left Review* is an excellent buy. As a man I used to know would insist on saying at wedding breakfasts: Let us hope that this tree we are planting here today will bear fruit in due season.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Love for Sale

THIS inquiry is based on the experience of a middle-aged upper-middle-class professional couple – on this occasion they choose to remain anonymous – who three years ago decided to stop sending Christmas cards for reasons adequately symbolised by the appearance, in Harrods catalogue, of a wrought-iron hanging frame on which Christmas cards could be displayed in the home. Communicatory activities at Christmas were reduced to:

(a) the dispatch of cards to elderly distant relations;
(b) the dispatch of cards to former servants;
(c) the writing of letters to distant friends.

Records of intake were kept with the following results:

1956: 140 cards received;
1957: 120 cards received;
1958: 120 cards received of which 32 were replacements for others which dropped out.

It is clear that the downward trend of 1956-7 has been halted but not reversed.

An analysis was attempted of the 120 cards received in 1958. There were first subtracted four cards from persons unknown, leaving 116. (Any discrepancy in totals is due to inadequate arithmetic.)

The Hall-Jones scale was then applied, and as a result a further ten cards were laid aside as coming from persons in lower social classes.

The remaining 106 cards were sorted into Goodwill and Personal, the former category consisting of cards from

(a) those who had obtained and presumably hoped to continue to obtain financial advantages from our acquaintance;

(b) those whose acquaintance was the result of professional propinquity not choice.

In the Goodwill group there were 40 cards. These comprised:

One from a broadcasting personality, carrying a drawing of himself, a fascimile signature and no personal message.
Three seasonal cards (holly, candles, robins) with printed name and address and no personal message solicitor, accountant, secretary of cultural group).
One seasonal card with printed address, hand-written signature (doctor).
One booklet signed by its author.
Eight business cards with only printed greetings and no personal messages (two publishers, one bookseller, one cultural group, one stockbroker, one agent, one motorcar salesman, one hotel).
25 business cards with hand-written signatures.
One business card with facsimile signature.

It was decided to analyse the 66 personal cards on the Pecking-Order Scale which, being wholly subjective, has the advantage of accuracy. To remind those unaccustomed to this scale, the test, when in doubt, is to ask oneself: 'If they asked me to dinner, should I feel (a) flattered? (b) that I suppose I ought to go?' If (a) is chosen, the people concerned are higher than oneself in the Pecking-Order; if (b), they are lower. This scale has the single disadvantage that finer feelings prevent its application to close friends; but this was not, in the situation under examination, a source of falsification, since from close friends no Christmas cards were received.

On application of the Pecking-Order Scale it was found that four cards were received from those assessed as higher in the scale, 62 from those lower. Although detailed records were not kept in previous years, this pattern is believed to have been constant.

Home-made cards numbered only one. This is the most noticeable change from the period 1945-55, when the bulk of cards received were from close friends and the only profit derived from their making was the pleasure given to the maker.

Seventeen cards displayed the appearance,

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STANLEY KRAMER'S PRODUCTION OF ON THE BEACH
GREGORY PECK AVA GARDNER FRED ASTAIRE ANTHONY PERKINS
introducing DONNA ANDERSON
Screenplay by JOHN PAXTON From the novel by NEVIL SHUTE
Produced and Directed by STANLEY KRAMER
Leicester Square THEATRE PHONE WHI.5252
Programmes at 12.50, 3.20, 5.50, 8.20

children, homes, ideas or creative capacities of the senders, being self-designed and then printed; of these, seven contained no hand-written messages or signatures.

Eight commercial cards had been printed with the senders' names and addresses and carried no handwriting; senders included four popular writers and a clergyman.

Four people (three mature academics and one student) sent postcards from museums with handwritten messages.

Three cards benefited charitable organisations; two were Unicef cards and one was published by the International League for the Protection of Horses.

Thirty commercial cards carried signatures or messages in hand-writing.

As in previous years, the outward appearance of any given card, whether self-designed or commercial, provided an almost infallible guide to the socio-cultural position and aspirations of the sender. A correlate was obtained between comparatively high status, small, simple usually monochrome cards and handwritten messages; and between comparatively low status, large multi-coloured cards and printed messages only.

The following conclusions were tentatively drawn:

(a) Christmas cards are normally sent:
  (i) on expense accounts;
  (ii) from those lower in the pecking-order to those higher;
(b) charity is unfashionable.

The Arts and Entertainment

Wasps in Jam

'CHARMING', 'And stylish', and 'Somehow feminine'. Nylons? Art works. Are the galleries anything else now but a protected walk for spruce jackdaws? Quick reputations, quick pleasure, quick profit – apparently the pursuit of these prevents anyone's thoughts travelling more than a yard from the immediate stimulus. People accuse me every so often of being puritan. No, pull the other leg, it has bells on it; it is for puritans, not for the impatiently discontented, that pleasure can only be one yard deep.

(And tragedy only one yard deep too. There is a jingle on the Underground posters that all should ponder on:

A young widow (exceedingly brave)
Has two children for whom she must save
But this need not have been
Had her husband foreseen
That assurance protects those who save.)

Anyway, at the Leicester Galleries there is a roomful of 'charming', 'stylish', etc., paintings by Anne Madden. She is 27, spent her childhood in Ireland, lives in France and is married to Louis de Brocquy. Her painting is 'concerned with the structure, movement and rhythms of rock forms, as well as the growth of grass and shrubs on them and occasional scattered bones of animals'. Now, who'd give an Irish tinker's cuss for that? I would. I'm sure Anne Madden would make good company walking on the hills and by the sea. But none of this has to do with her paintings. I wouldn't, of course, be writing about her at all if I didn't think she *could* be a good painter. She is gifted and has some poetry in her gift. The trouble is that she allows it to be a dozen times too easy for herself.

Most of the paintings are predominantly blue. Nearly all are based on the same device. In the central area of the canvas the paint has been allowed to trickle down like water on glass. This suggests descent, ascent and erosion. Then across these little vertical rivulets of paint are drawn horizontal curves, like hump-backed bridges. These suggest steps, planes in perspective and recession. Around the central area the canvas is left almost blank. The total effect is sensitive, elegant and vaguely cubist. Not everyone could do it so well. But no-one should be content to do it.

A few weeks ago, when writing about Frank Auerbach, I suggested that every painter today has to begin with an awareness of the overwhelming limitations of his art. At first glance it might tested by comparison with the artist's experience seem that this is what Madden is doing. But in fact she's doing the opposite. She is, as it were, making hay whilst the limitations last. A painter will feel overwhelmed by his limitations only because he is constantly comparing the narrowness of his art with the variety and richness of reality. I can't help feeling that Madden is able to see more in these paintings than she would be able to see in the actual rocks which they are meant to be interpreting. Everything in these pictures hints and suggests. But nothing is actually said. When people, as distinct from pictures, are like that, they are called *arch*.

The logic of archness is to seduce, to lead on until the last possible moment – and then to escape, leaving your victim grasping a will-o'-the-wisp. And in this kind of art it is the same. The picture begins with attractive suggestions on the canvas, with contrived accidents (drips and splashes), with variations on old tricks – and none of this would matter if it led to a moment of truth. But it never does. What is on the canvas is never of reality. And so we are left with thin air. And Madden, I fear, is left adapting her experience of looking at actual rocks just for the purpose of obliging her paintings.

One painting in this exhibition emphasises this sad process by contrast. Called *Blue Meadow*, it is really based on an experience. There is a square of blue grass, torn out of the sky. Above it a cloud grazes like a cow. Falling off the edge of it, like a copper plate off a table, is the sun. Here one can see the true nature of Madden's imagination. It is poetic, spontaneous and very close to physical sensation. The grass in the meadow tickles and Yeats's lines are not so far away:

. . . . the mountain grass
Cannot but keep the form
Where the mountain hare has lain.

The mannerisms of the other pictures suggest analysis, a cerebral investigation into structure and all that is opposed, I'm pretty sure, to her proper self.

No-one can discover his self, his talent, if his primary aim is to make pictures. Talents trapped in art are like wasps in jam. Talent, used properly, is for preserving experience so that one then has a light by which to judge one's clumsy attempts at expression.

* * *

So far as I have seen, no mention has been made of the fact that this year is the centenary of Seurat's birth. In a comparative sense, he is still as neglected as he was during his short, tragic life – compare, for instance, his historical fate with Van Gogh's. I intend to write shortly a full article on his work and still unrecognised significance. Meanwhile, these few lines to honour him, born 2 December 1859.

* * *

There are so many stories about Stanley Spencer, who died this week. His final memorial is, of course, the masterpiece of Burghclere chapel; but a few of these stories, instead of wrongly emphasising the quaintness of his eccentricity, underline his essential integrity and the pertinence of his superficial naivety. I shall never forget the painter Denis Matthews telling me about Spencer in Peking in 1954.

HEALTH HORIZON
A magazine for everyone
Autumn 1959
OFFICE HYGIENE
VARICOSE VEINS
GROWING YOUNGER
MOTHER AND BABY UNIT
THE SCHOOL HEALTH SERVICE
2/6 a copy or 10/- a year
Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1

T. A. Layton autographs (but does not sell) copies of "Wines and Castles of Spain," Michael Joseph 21/-, and stands you a glass of Muscadet for free in his wine bar while he is doing it.
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Short or long courses · Full or Part time. Individual instruction · Three fully equipped Studios · Run on the lines of the Paris Studios
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IRVING THEATRE
LEICESTER SQUARE
Continues successfully to delight thousands of patrons. Make a point of sharing this enjoyment by dropping in any time with your friends.
GLAMOUR & GIRLS
AN INTIMATE REVUE
Mon.-Sat. from 2.30 p.m.
Sun. from 4 p.m.
WHitehall 8651

The Labour Party delegation was there at the same time staying at the same hotel. The delegates – or some of them – were a little worried. Were they really receiving the proper VIP treatment? At breakfast-time a few days after their arrival, they were put out of their anxiety. The Prime Minister would see them straightaway. Spencer was sitting at another table: he had stayed over from an earlier goodwill cultural mission to finish some pictures. Would he also like to see the Prime Minister? He scratched his head and became rather excited. No, he couldn't possibly. He had a painting to finish. But, he added, please give my compliments to the Prime Minister – he'll understand. He was asked if he realised who Chou En-lai was. Preparing to run up the stairs to his room, he said: Look. I don't realise anything. I don't even know who I am myself.

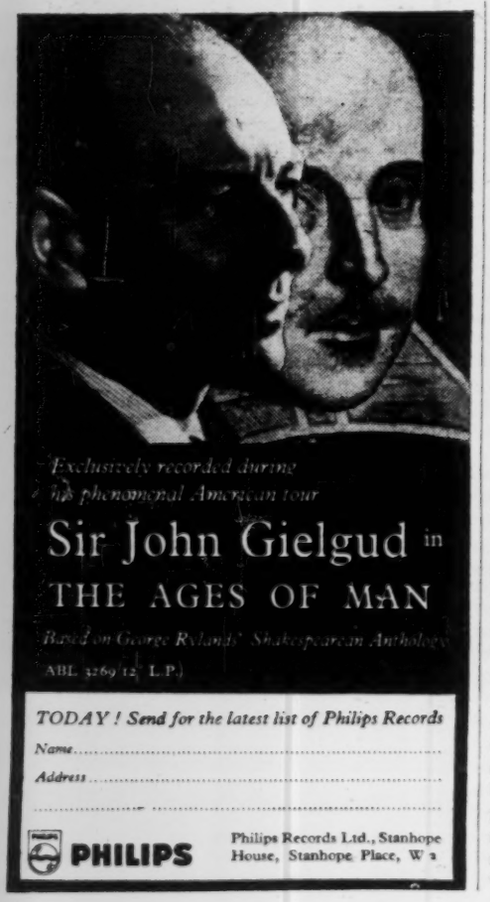
Finally, Denis Matthews persuaded him to go along, too. In the bus, collar crooked and hair dishevelled, he began to lay down his terms. At the first mention of politics, he said, I shall walk out. But, Mr Spencer, be reasonable: these people have been sent by the Labour Party and Chou En-lai is a very experienced Communist. Spencer fixed the speaker with his eye: I, too, am very experienced.

At the meeting Chou En-lai spoke briefly. He asked the visitors to judge what they saw against the background of China's past. Then he paused. There was no comment. You have been able to travel far more widely than we have. You may see us in a different perspective? He paused again. Again no comment. Gentlemen, we have so much to achieve here in China. But perhaps to you it seems like a village. Once more no comment. Then Stanley Spencer got up and spoke to Chou En-lai: As you know, I live in the village of Cookham. And there, too, there is always a great deal for me to do. There's no time for me to travel – his face screwed up with the vehemence of what he was saying – to places like France. And so on. But I am glad I came here. I haven't been able to work much. I shall work more later. And I'll be able to tell the people of Cookham about you in China. Come to think of it – he added with startling pride – 'China's just on the edge of Cookham'.

Chou En-lai, greatly impressed, then asked who this small excitable and undiplomatic man was. He was told that he was an artist. He was.

JOHN BERGER

(As from the New Year, John Berger will be living abroad, but will continue to contribute frequent articles.)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Lock up Your Professionals

ONE of the many depressing features of the British theatre is the inevitable way most ambitious work is done by non-professional, or at least non-paying, companies. Last week, the Questors staged a play by Harold Pinter, now Charles Marowitz's In-Stage group has had a three-night stand at the British Drama League. Their title, *Under the Influence,* meant what it said: there were pieces in the style of Beckett and Ionesco, there were two rehearsed and two unrehearsed improvisations in the style of whomever the actors had uppermost in their minds. But influence did not much matter, since the object of the exercise was not to present original creative talent; it was simply to demonstrate a style of acting.

The style, in fact, is everything, for the curious thing about most *avant-garde* theatre is that it is utterly non-literary. It is a theatre of manipulation, not writing, and the material manipulated is the cliché: the characters pile them one on another, turn them upside down, swop them until, at a certain point, clichés stop being clichés and assume a certain grandeur of their own. They become a formal rhetoric. It is, in a way, the dramatic equivalent of abstract painting.

To cope with this, Mr Marowitz is trying to develop what he calls the 'Hi-style' of acting. It begins in realism (his group was originally called Method Workshop) and stays there until the clichés stop being the language of our dreariness and begin to set up reverberations in the unconscious. The Hi-style takes over when, at some crisis, the surface of convention splits open and the characters act out their deep, inner hatreds, fears and desires.

The idea is excellent but the In-Stage group has not yet realised it in their performances. Came the crises and they revealed not the hidden, primitive springs of their emotions but mild fantasies. In one of the improvisations, for example, a shop-girl and a salesman come together in their loneliness. At a given moment their elaborate social fencing changes into the compulsions of love. But what the Hi-style gave us was not the categorical 'I need. Love me. I need' of the lonely, but a vague, pleasant fondness. Part of the fault may lie with the actors, though Gerard Benson, the salesman, is obviously very talented. But it is also in the work. Kafka might have had the inwardness and power to provide material for the Hi-style; but in comparison, Beckett, for all his bleak impressiveness, seems fixed in his single, paralysing sense of impotence, and I cannot, for the life of me, see Ionesco as anything more serious than a witty Middle European fantast with a taste for the macabre. As for Mr Marowitz's essays in their styles: they worked by virtue of their contemporary, social relevance; they were satires, not dives into the unconscious. Still, this was more imaginative work than one sees on most professional London stages.

To prove this there is the Mermaid. When this beautiful new theatre opened in June there was great talk of its bringing Culture to the City. If *Lock Up Your Daughters* didn't quite seem the way to do it, what did that matter? After all, Bernard Miles had to put on one show of thanks for his stockbroking benefactors and, anyway, it was only to run for six weeks. But the *Daughters* dragged on for six months, and has only been succeeded by a muddled version of *Treasure Island,* in which the swordplay is considerably more effective than the acting. The evening does no more than prove what we already know: that the Mermaid has a superbly adaptable, well-equipped stage and that Sean Kenny is a most talented designer. As for drama: our amateurs can do that for us.

The Demon Barber (Lyric, Hammersmith) is a pleasant, lively show, with some catchy, well-orchestrated tunes and excellent twopence-coloured stage designs by Disley Jones. James Maxwell, Barry Humphries, Barbara Howitt and Roy Godfrey go at the thing with spirit. Shortened by about a third it would make a good, relaxed, Christmas evening's entertainment.

A. ALVAREZ

On Differing Scales

THE Tannhäuser Overture had been going only for two minutes at Sadler's Wells, when one realised that here, in Colin Davis, we have at last an outstanding young Wagner conductor in this country. The discreet accentuation of the woodwind chorale, the subdued passion and broad span of the cello melody, the fine shading of the half-closes, the weighty cumulative rhythm of the crescendo triplets, and the climactic thrill of majestic trombone and scurrying violins in perfect unison – all these immediately justified Sadler's Wells' temerity in putting on this vast work. Nor was it a false dawn: Colin Davis's control, dynamic, rhythmic and structural, never flagged throughout the evening. This is that rare case, a splendid interpretation by a conductor, imperfectly realised by valiant but inadequate forces. Inevitably, for Wagner, the string band and chorus lack numbers; the wind and brass are thin-toned; the scenery and production are modest; and the singers merely manage to carry their parts, Marie Collier's seductive Venus and Joan Stuart's sweet Elizabeth being more convincing than Ronald Dowd's well-sung but wooden Tannhäuser and Raimund Herincx's vocally insecure Wolfram. But owing to the musical direction, the opera still comes over as what it is – the work of a master who had found command of scale and character but not yet of continuously significant detail.

Significant detail is the chief virtue of another early work heard this week – Michael Tippett's oratorio *A Child of Our Time,* which was given in the LPO's Twentieth Century series, in a concert entitled 'Personal Protest'. But what the work lacks is adequate scale and decisive character; not in false comparison with Wagner, but in relation to its great prototypes, the Passions of Schütz and Bach. The thirty movements, though skilfully constructed, are too brief (inevitably in view of the unexpansive thematic material) to coalesce into a satisfactory whole. Nor do they compensate for

their brevity by strong impact, for despite the music's sincerity – a *sine qua non* which guarantees nothing, as Stravinsky says – it seems curiously inhibited in feeling for its impassioned subject, owing to its too cool melodic and harmonic idiom. This deficiency even mars the Negro spirituals which were intended as the emotional peaks: shorn of their original rich harmonies, they lose their 'popular' character, which was the reason for their inclusion. This 'personal protest' is a strangely muted one – or so it appeared from the rather restrained performance under John Pritchard, in which the choir was anæmic and Richard Lewis was the only one of the four soloists to give his part its full force.

The scale of Mussorgsky's *Khovanshchina*, which was adventurously staged by the Oxford University Opera Club for the first time in this country since 1919, is huge but chaotic; nevertheless, the powerful character of the music largely redeems the work. One can only wonder why it should be neglected when an opera like Verdi's *Don Carlos* holds the stage. Both are loosely constructed historical dramas, with unconvincing sub-plots providing love-interest; and if Mussorgsky's libretto is the more incoherent, it contains nothing so fatal as the puerile insult to one's intelligence at the end of *Carlos*. Moreover, the proportion of striking musical invention (less than in *Boris*) is about equal to that in *Carlos*, and is spread more evenly over the whole work, not waiting till Act 3 to get started; and the history seems more vividly real because of the fierce primitive vitality of the score. The more than creditable Oxford performance, firmly conducted by Professor J. A. Westrup and imaginatively produced by Wladyslaw Sheybal, made a strong general impact; it amply demonstrated that, given a lavish production with first-rate singers, the opera could prove easily as thrilling an experience as *Carlos*.

DERYCK COOKE

Long Stint Looming

THE Beveridge Committee on broadcasting was appointed in 1949. It met sixty-two times (plus sub-committees and foreign tours), read and heard millions of words of evidence, and presented its 327-page report in January 1951. Only one member of the committee did not sign this report, preferring to present his own minority report in favour of commercial broadcasting: he was the present Foreign Secretary, Mr Selwyn Lloyd.

The BBC's ten-year Charter is due to expire in July 1962. The ITA's first ten years end in July 1964. It has often been suggested that the BBC's Charter should be extended for two years, so that the future of British broadcasting can be considered as a whole.

Even with this sensible deferment it will soon be time for another 'Beveridge' committee to start work. The task is formidable, taking up half the time for some eighteen months of a dozen or so already busy people. Both composition and chairmanship of the committee are of first importance. Names of possible chairmen are already being canvassed – that of Sir Oliver Franks for one. Some members of the Government favour a judge – Lord Birkett or the universal stand-by, Lord Radcliffe (but not, presumably, Mr Justice Devlin): others say that 'positive leadership' rather than judicial impartiality is required. Discussions and soundings are in progress: an announcement, with names, may be made as early as February.

The time-table might be: committee, 1960-62; legislation, 1962-64. . . . But by then, as we know, the next General Election must be fought. Will an act, say, legalising commercial radio have been passed by Parliament but not yet put into effect, and will its implementation be an election issue?

Whatever the character of the committee, the BBC will appear before it in no defeatist mood. There have been signs recently of a halt in the trend to ITV. Some time ago the BBC could boast that, though ITV had captured a majority of viewers with a choice of programmes, the BBC still had – because of sets unconverted and territory uncovered – an absolute majority. Then this claim had to be abandoned: ITV had a majority of all viewers, as well as those with a choice. In two successive recent weeks, however, the percentages have been: BBC, 52; ITV, 48.

This recovery is attributed partly to the improved quality of some BBC light entertainment: Tony Hancock, for instance, has had audiences of more than seven millions. It is also noted at the BBC that people who like sport on TV particularly dislike the interruption of commercials, and that when the same events are on both channels, the commercial network is unable to deliver enough customers to the advertisers. If this is so, the ITV decision not to broadcast the Grand National simultaneously with the BBC is less surprising than it seemed; and the explanation given – that this is a selfless gesture inspired solely by the wish to provide housewives and other non-sporting types with alternative entertainment – may excite sceptics to mild hilarity.

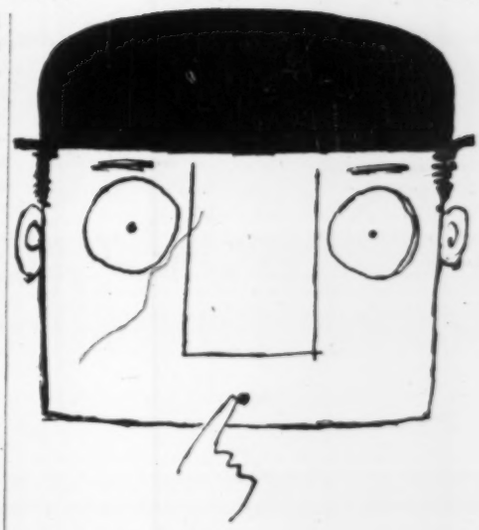
* * *

Herodotus does not, I think, record the most famous legend about beavers, but he does refer to them as 'square-faced creatures whose skins serve for the trimming of mantles, and their testicles are used . . . to heal hysteric sicknesses'. Oppian's *Halieutica* mentions their doleful wailing.

Was one of these attributes in Arthur Adamov's mind when he gave the three eldritch sisters in *En Fiacre* an obsession with beavers? Or was it this diligent rodent's propensity for building protective dams? Or did he mean a different sort of beaver, also possibly symbolical of defensive isolation – the face-guard of a helmet?

At any rate, whether or not it was in the clinical report (1902) of a case of collective hysteria, on which *En Fiacre* is based, the image occurred so often in the play – on the Third last week and again on 3 January – that it must have been meant to have some special significance. The sisters spend all their nights riding in cabs ('for they could not tolerate what the police refer to as domicile'); and it is the cabman (found, later in the play, to have an erotic association in the deranged mind of one of them) who reassures them (but 'sarcastically'): 'No, of course, you're not old whores – I know very well you're just beavers!' Nor are they the only ones in the family. One of them cries: 'Yes! Papa was a beaver, and when he discovered it he ought to have committed suicide at once!'

The play was admirably translated (by Humphrey Hare) and acted (Thea Holme, Betty Hardy, Grizelda Hervey). When the sisters are not in a cab they are in prison hospital, puzzling everyone they meet as much as they puzzled even some of the Third listeners; it was at one time Adamov's belief that 'the main requirement for dramatic writing was that no character in a play should ever understand any other character'. Nonetheless, this is a play that can be enjoyed at several different levels of the listener's consciousness: at the deeper, beaver-hunting level, or simply at the level at which a newspaper-reader might skim a *Grand Guignol* story of two women who push their sister out of a cab to her death – mad women



Those 'Don't Know' chaps
on Gallup Polls
Are 'Do Knows' when
it comes to

BOLS

BOLSKUMMEL
APRICOT BRANDY
CHERRY BRANDY
ADVOKAAT
GENEVER GIN
wonderful

in filthy old black dresses who 'look anxious and harassed, as if they had just run miles to escape some appalling danger', and resort constantly to that most tragically futile excuse of the genteel at bay; 'We thought we were doing the right thing'.

TOM DRIBERG

Obraztsov, at the Festival Hall

Obraztsov is an original genius who has turned Punch and Judy into a highly sophisticated form of satirical art. When some five years ago he brought his full team and theatre to this country, he staggered everyone by the scale, complexity and technical brilliance of his uproariously funny skits and character acts. He astonishes us no less now when he gives a solo recital, with no help except that of his wife at the piano to accompany his excellent singing voice, and an interpreter who is gayer but less necessary than most. In this preliminary lecture he describes how as an actor he failed to identify himself fully with the parts he played, but found that he could very well imagine how Othello, Desdemona and Iago would have behaved if they had had a chance to meet a kitten. He shows us each of them. He could also imagine how innumerable dogs, monkeys, lions – the most wonderful novelty amongst his puppets is an incident between a lion and a drunken rabbit – would behave. His human characters – comic sopranos and tenors, and the rest – are perhaps one degree less convincing. But has not, he asks, each doll a soul, the stubby yet quite incredibly mobile and sensitive fingers that manipulate it? And to illustrate this we see how a love-affair can be presented with no more than two wooden balls on the tips of his fingers, and finally how the hands themselves, with no adornment, can have a very lively and human argument. Russia can find no better ambassador, no better case for the exchange of cultures than Obraztsov. He goes a long way to dispose of the illusion that Communism has destroyed the Russians' sense of satire. The job will be complete when Obraztsov so represents popular feeling that he makes fun of the authority of bureaucrats – not excluding the British and Russian varieties.

K. M.

'Sweeny Todd', at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre

Eminent citizens are disappearing in Fleet Street. The policemen are falling over each other's magnifying glasses in search of clues. A murderer is at large. The fact is that Sweeny Todd, the barber, instead of shaving his customers has taken to slitting their throats, on which his lady friend turns the corpses into delicious meat pies. This delightfully utilitarian kind of murder gives full scope to John Cranko, the choreographer, who changed this Victorian melodrama into a riotous farce for the touring section of the Royal Ballet at Stratford-upon-Avon last week. Coming from so sober an institution, this ballet has turned out refreshingly lunatic, with the dancers enjoying themselves quite as much as the audience, and consequently performing in a very lively fashion. There is an almost continuous scuffling and hurry back and forth across the stage, involving some immemorially funny jokes. The macabre and the humorous are blended with skill and the atmosphere of Alix Stone's exquisite scenery is so strong that we can almost smell the damp elastic-sided boots and the macassar oil. But there has not been enough basic planning to make the whole a comfortable shape. The best dancing of the evening came from Lyn Seymour in that dismal moan of a ballet, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*. Miss Seymour has not yet learnt the difference between seduction and enchantment, between a whore and a fairy, but she dances with a buoyant lilt, and a sensuous softness that make every movement a pleasure to watch.

A. F.

'On the Beach', at the Leicester Square

The end of the world, as we see and dread it; it should have made 'the biggest story of our time', but in Stanley Kramer's hands it hasn't. The intention is there, the war is over, the radioactive clouds nearing the last pocket of humanity – Australia; and at the end over empty streets that ironic banner, 'There is still time, brother'. Yet it leaves us cold – without even having been chilled. What has gone wrong? Quite simply that, even under Kramer's direction, the story and the characters (from the novel by Nevil Shute) never grip, and we never for one moment feel the last war has taken place. The bare announcement over the wireless that only Australia has escaped, with all else silent, seems farcical. What about the islands near Australia, the whole southern hemisphere (since only the northern has suffered) – South Africa, South America? No, for the sake of convenience it has to be Australia; and, maddeningly, a thousand times, the tune of 'Waltzing Matilda' harries us for two hours. And if we don't believe in the war, what happens to the four months' grace allowed Australia? All we get is Gregory Peck (having lost wife and children) being gradually seduced by Ava Gardner; Fred Astaire, an atomic scientist, winning his first and last motor race, a young couple with a baby nerving themselves for the euthanasia pill. A submarine goes to scout out San Francisco, empty and intact, with not a corpse anywhere. Hardly once has the imagination been touched, and goodwill on the popular magazine level is not good enough. Let's hope this failure won't prevent others from trying in a field which may be difficult, but not so difficult as all that.

W. W.

'The Play of Daniel'. Brunswick, AXTL 1086.

The play of Daniel is a twelfth-century musical drama, written by students of the abbey of Beauvais. The only extant manuscript is in the British Museum and is the earliest example of a whole musical drama to have been realised on gramophone records. It has been transcribed by Rembert Weakland, and provides an introduction to a type of music which, for obvious reasons, we hardly know. 'Arias', clearly based on the music of the plainsong, are contrasted with strophic songs of a troubadour tradition which in their simple melodic and rhythmic forms remind us of nursery rhymes. There is abundant variety and dramatic juxtaposition. Particularly striking are the ensemble numbers in which solo arias alternate with men's and boys' voices. The action is periodically interrupted by fanfares played on a Siena trumpet of 1406. The orchestra consists of a psaltery, miniature bagpipes (which provide a drone bass), recorders, rebec (an ancestor of the modern stringed instrument), vielle (hurdy-gurdy), minstrel's harp, bells and an ensemble of percussion instruments which predominate in a way very like Middle Eastern music. The performance, by the New York Pro Musica, directed by Noah Greenberg, is very good and the singing of the difficult choral sections magnificent. Particularly striking are the voices of Charles Bressler as Daniel and a counter-tenor, Russell Oberlin, as Belshazzar's prince. This is a record which is well off the beaten track. It certainly tells us a great deal about musical drama, and will make excellent listening over the Christmas season.

A. G.

Christmas Shows

Several of the 1959 children's shows which start too late to be reviewed here before Christmas have already been noticed in previous years: the two Nicholas Stuart Grey plays, *The Princess and the Swineherd* (matinees at the Theatre Royal, Stratford) and *Beauty and the Beast* (Arts); *Peter Pan* (Scala); *Hansel and Gretel* (Sadler's Wells). Bertram Mills provide the only circus this year, at Olympia; Frankie Howerd and Binnie Hale will be appearing in *Alice in Wonderland* at the Winter Garden; and the Palladium pantomime is *Humpty Dumpty*. Harry Corbett appears in matinees of *Sooty's Christmas Show* at the Palace; *Noddy* can be found at the Princes, and *Billy Bunter* at the Victoria Palace.

GRAHAM GREENE:

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Correspondence

ECONOMICS OF WORLD TENSION

SIR,—Two questions are raised by Dr Balogh's most stimulating article, which he allowed himself insufficient space to develop. It would be interesting to know why Russia's rate of economic growth is so much greater than ours and the US's, and it would be interesting to know how great an adverse effect Russia would have on our economy if she began to trade with the rest of the world on a substantial scale.

Dr Balogh quotes growth rates of nine per cent. for Russia and three per cent. at most for the West. The explanation that Russia's higher growth rate is due to the fact that she invests a much greater proportion of her national income is almost certainly inadequate to explain so large a discrepancy, because, according to Dr Balogh, Russia's investment (presumably gross investment) is over 25 per cent. of her national income, while ours is under 16 per cent., and this difference can hardly explain the difference between growth rates of nine per cent. and two to three per cent. It is also unlikely that unemployment, and fear of excess capacity in western countries, would account for so large a discrepancy between the Russian and western growth rates.

There are three further possible explanations for the discrepancy:

(1) The Russians pay much more attention than we do to the design and development of new machinery. Our machine tool industry claims to spend about £2 million a year in 123 firms on research and development. Readers of Dudintsev's novel, *Not by Bread Alone*, will know how the Russians have organised the design and development of machinery! They employ thousands of people in research and development organisations, and in consequence their new machinery is very much better than the old machinery it replaces, and this contributes substantially to their higher rate of economic growth.

(2) The Russians mass-produce some machinery (Professor Melman, *Listener*, 26 *Nov.* 1959), and they consequently produce machinery at a cheaper real cost than we do. If they are prepared to spend the same real amount on a machine as we spend, they

will get a better machine, because they could get the same machine as we get at a lower real cost.

(3) The Russians have been able to benefit a great deal by taking over some of our technology, as well as improving it, while we have had to rely entirely on improving our own technology. They are thus benefiting from much of our past research and development.

The Russians will continue to have a higher rate of economic growth for as long as they do more work than we do on the improvement of machinery. They will cease to derive any further benefit from our technology when they have caught up with it.

Dr Balogh argues that if Russia exports a lot of manufactured goods to pay for food and raw material imports, she will make food and raw materials more expensive for us. He continues: 'A deterioration in the terms of trade by ten per cent., for instance, would wipe out all gains from the present rate of increase in productivity in Britain. The Russians have it within their power to condemn . . . . Britain . . . . to stagnation, unless . . . . [she] . . . . can decisively increase [her] rate of investment and progress'. A ten per cent. deterioration in the terms of trade costs us about two per cent. of our national income—since we have to increase our exports, which are about 20 per cent. of our national income by ten per cent., to pay for the same quantity of imports. Since our national income has grown by something like two or three per cent. a year since the war, we should have to lose about this much *each year* to changes in the terms of trade, if we were to stagnate. This could happen only if the Russians turned the terms of trade against us by about ten per cent. every year. Surely Dr Balogh is not suggesting that the Russians could cause a deterioration in our terms of trade of ten per cent. every year? If Russia turns the terms of trade against us, she also turns them against herself.

WALTER ELTIS

Exeter College
Oxford.

BIRTH CONTROL DEBATE

SIR,—Far from being suspicious of the sexual act, the Church teaches it is a high privilege that God should allow married people to co-operate with Him in His work of creation. Sex is a blessing, but the blessing is abused when a creature takes it on himself (or herself) to make it impossible for God to create, while accepting the pleasure He has given as an accompaniment to the procreative act. Contraceptives are such an abuse and that is the objection to them.

Your correspondent says, 'Natural conception has become more and more complex and therefore more and more artificial . . . [It] has thus become far more unnatural than any method advocated by Dr Marie Stopes. . . . The Church has surrendered the reality of the principle. . . . How is the Catholic Church to get itself out of the mess into which it has drifted?' I am afraid that the mess arises from an ambiguous use of words. When the Church says that the 'safe period' is 'natural', she means that it is part of the nature of woman to be unfertile at certain times—it is 'natural' because God, the author of nature, has so arranged it. When your contributor says it is 'unnatural', he means that, in his view, the method of calculating when the period is safe is a complicated method. If you mix the two meanings in the same argument, your are guilty of the logical fallacy of undistributed middle. All bulls are male animals; but it would be unwise to reason that the public house of the same name is also a male animal.

R. H. EASTWELL, SJ

Wimbledon College
Edge Hill, SW19

SIR,—Some time ago when I bought a copy of *Family Planning* (April 1958, vol. 7, No. 1), I was surprised to find on the back-cover an advertisement by the Catholic Truth Society: 'The CATHOLIC CHURCH CONDEMNS BIRTH PREVENTION read why: *Christian Marriage* 9d, *Marriage and the Moral Law* 6d, *Birth Control* 3d, *A Talk to Catholic Wives* 6d, *The Population Report and the Survival of the Christian Family* 6d'.

In the morning newspapers of 10 December 1959 appears the following: 'Following protests by Roman Catholic doctors, an advertisement for the Family Planning Association which was to have appeared in the next issue of the *Family Doctor* booklet, *Getting Married*, is to be withdrawn. A statement issued yesterday after a meeting of the council of the British Medical Association said the advertisement would not be used in any other *Family Doctor* publication without further consideration by the council'.

You yourselves argued before the general election that journals should accept advertisements the contents of which they disagreed with. But must the tolerant for ever tolerate those who are themselves intolerant? If a Roman Catholic pressure group prevents the acceptance in a non-Catholic publication of a family planning advertisement, surely the Family Planning Association and other journals which support its work should refuse to accept Roman Catholic advertisements.

Incidentally, the BMA must be a very pusillanimous institution that year after year it allows its Roman Catholic members representing three million people to obstruct the work of the non-Catholic doctors representing 47 million people. Why not let its Roman Catholic doctors break away and form their own institution? They might do less harm there than continually obstructing the work of the parent body.

E. ROB

Morningside Avenue
Aberdeen

SIR,—In a free society one of the rights of minority groups is freedom both to practise and publicly express their point of view, provided public order is not thereby endangered. Surely, however, it is intolerable that the Roman Catholics, whose teachings are both rejected by and, in many cases, are repugnant to the majority of people in this country, should have such influence as has once more been demonstrated by the decision of the BMA to reject an advertisement for the Family Planning Association.

The effects of Roman Catholicism when given free reign can be seen both historically and today in such countries as Spain and Portugal. Apathy towards this insidious influence may mean the end of liberty here.

A. C. F. CHAMBRE,
Sqn Ldr

59 Kenton Road
Harrow, Middlesex

CASEMENT AND F. E. SMITH

SIR,—Mr Paul Johnson says that the late Lord Birkenhead's behaviour at Casement's trial was 'contemptible' and 'dishonest'. Lord Birkenhead has, to any fair-minded person, disposed of this charge by quoting the words of Casement's own counsel, Serjeant Sullivan, written spontaneously a few days later. At this point one might have expected Mr Johnson to apologise. Instead he seeks to discredit Sullivan's words by quoting the remarks which Sullivan is alleged to have spoken to a third party 38 years later, at the age of 83—remarks which anyway do not justify Mr Johnson's adjectives. Mr Johnson also says that such matters should be left to professional historians. I do not necessarily agree with this last remark; but I think that a professional historian would at least know the relative evidential value of a first-hand contemporary written document and an unjustifiable gloss on a second-hand verbal reminiscence nearly 40 years after the event.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

8 St Aldate's, Oxford

THE BIRCH

SIR,—At least three rather different points often contribute to the discussion on the reintroduction of the birch as a penal treatment. There is first the attitudes of the public to one of its minority groups, i.e.,

Though artists argue
in *écoles*,
There's just one school
of thought on

BOLS

GENEVER GIN
APRICOT BRANDY
CHERRY BRANDY
BOLSKUMMEL
ADVOKAAT
superb

violent criminals. As rather less is known about these people than, say, about the existence of God, such attitudes tend to be maintained with at least the intensity and sincerity of religious beliefs. Should an attitude favouring the birch become predominant, then its reintroduction may be justified But our vicarious satisfactions must not be allowed to contaminate any discussion of the effects of the birch on those eligible.

The evidence of the birch as a deterrent rests largely on the comparisons between conviction rates and the incidence of floggings, or the reconviction rates of flogged and other offenders under Subsection 1, Section 23 of the Larceny Act (Corporal punishment having been rarely administered for any other offences than robbery with violence). Such evidence has many limitations, although Mr de Honey's criticism I believe to be an original one. He recognises that in the past the birch has not had any measurable desired effects, but argues that when there is an increment in eligible offenders, one is not entitled to generalise to these new candidates what appears to have been true of their predecessors.

This is not an argument for or against the reintroduction of the birch, as to assess the argument requires the reintroduction. But two considerations appear relevant. The number of violent offences known to the police for which the birch might have been imposed before 1948 has never, in fact, attained the level of that year (up to and including 1957), nor has there been a consistent upward trend. Secondly, even if there is a long-term increase in these offences, how mistaken is it to generalise from pre- to post-1957? Consider the generalisation involved in Mr de Honey's belief that, because birching has a deterrent effect on 'people like you and me', it will have a similarly inhibiting effect on violent or potentially violent criminals. Are there other NEW STATESMAN readers who require the threat of the birch to deter them from illegal acts of violence?

The victim's predicament gets less attention than vivid interpretations of public will or of the birch's putative effects. Compensation for losses by theft is widespread and accepted. The thief is rarely expected to make restitution. Employers are liable for injuries if they do not protect people from certain dangers in their work, but not if their insufficient protection incurs injury by violent robbery.

It is very inconvenient to have minority groups like criminals who fail to keep the same laws that the majority obey, and often tragic. Birching, however, is certainly among the most controversial measures that can be taken, and probably the most trivial.

J. G. FIELD

Maudsley Hospital
Denmark Hill
SE5

ENCOUNTER

The January issue, just out, includes

"The Trial Begins"

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ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

ARCHBISHOP GARBETT

SIR,—One cannot but wonder if the reviewer of *Cyril Forster Garbett* has carefully and fully read this book. Certainly he cannot have read, for instance, Dr Garbett's *Church and State in England* and *In an Age of Revolution*. To him Charles Smyth—whom he calls 'canon' as though he were still at Westminster Abbey!—'has revealed the characteristic features of a particular social class', and the mention, without even a date, that Dr Garbett was 'a descendant of the fourth Marquess of Lansdowne' will convey a false idea to an unknowing reader. It would have been true to say that Dr Garbett was the son of an ordinary country parson and for very many years knew what it was to live on little money. Even at Southwark he normally travelled by ordinary public transport.

'He played all the parts of a responsible member of the ruling class.' If this means that Dr Garbett was a mouthpiece of the Conservative Party, it is a gross misunderstanding of his position and reveals in the writer a complete ignorance of Dr Garbett's writings and speeches. Again, your reviewer states 'His opinions were candidly imperialist'. Mr MacIntyre should give chapter and verse for this assertion and not briefly refer to three incidents. Various chapters and verses can be given to disprove this most wild assertion.

Again, 'the complete lack of questioning of the social system is quite compatible with a zeal for limited reform'. But in the Archbishop's books, there is a lot of 'questioning of the social system', and more in his various monthly diocesan letters. It apparently would surprise your reviewer to know that the Archbishop's first book was about the challenge of the slums. This ignorance permits your reviewer to conclude: 'So that we have a Church with a vocabulary which has lost its Christian substance and is used instead to clothe the *status quo*'. No one who really knew the Archbishop or had properly read his books, letters and speeches could possibly have regarded him as an advocate of the *status quo*, and he himself would have been horrified by this unworthy suggestion. In the Archbishop's ceaseless quest for social justice he was ruled by the highest motives, and always was most consistent even when what he said was not likely to receive approval in Church or state. How little your reviewer knew or understood the Archbishop is revealed by his sentence: 'At the age of 44 he became Bishop of Southwark and for the rest of his 80 years he lived in that closed world of visitations and administration, of public school headmasters and first-class train travel, of private prayer and public pronouncements, which is the peculiar strait-jacket of the Anglican bishop.' Certainly Dr Garbett had to do his essential work as a bishop in a diocese, but he did much more besides and outside his diocese. Your reviewer does not even refer to the very many overseas visits which the Archbishop made in his desire to discover what was going on in the world and to understand the problems of other countries.

A reviewer always gets the last say about a book, and can, if he wishes, damn it for possible readers. One can but regret that Charles Smyth's excellent biography was not reviewed in your pages by, for instance, the last Labour Prime Minister, for whom Dr Garbett had the highest regard.

PATRICK COWLEY

Frome Vicarage
Somerset

IRISH EDUCATION

SIR,—Critic in his Dublin letter is wide of the mark when he writes 'that the Christian Brothers inculcate a knowledge of Christian doctrine and not much else'. As an old boy of the Christian Brothers, James's Street, Dublin, I know this is not true.

Now, I do not wish to defend the educational system in Ireland in general, or the Christian Brothers in particular, but until a better system is brought about, these selfless men are performing a heroic task. Many a boy of working-class and poor parents, whose education would come to a stop at 14 years, is enabled, because of the Christian Brothers, to obtain the equivalent of a grammar school education up to a G.C.E. in at least eight subjects. When I was a boy, the school fees were £1 per term. I never regret the years I spent in James's Street. They inculcated in me a love of learning—a thirst for knowledge—a high degree of appreciation for the English classics and poetry and a particular reverence for Shakespeare.

I have been a diligent reader of the NEW STATESMAN and the *Observer* for more than 20 years. I merely mention this in passing, as my counterparts here, the products of British education, feed their minds upon the popular press, which is in itself a severe reflection on what passes for an educational system in Britain. Another point: every boy who emerges from the Christian Brothers is a Republican—democratic and a life-long anti-imperialist.

CIARAN O'LENAHAN

30 Westwood Hill, SE26

C. H. ROLPH

SIR,—May we call attention to a misfortune that has befallen Mr C. H. Rolph, a distinguished journalist who, in a broadcast, utilised material supplied to him for the purpose by the BBC and found himself subsequently penalised to the tune of £225 because the material turned out to have been inaccurate?

That a journalist should be personally mulcted in a libel suit for using material supplied by his employers is a new and unwelcome precedent. Even if it could be legally argued (as nearly always it could) that the brief had in some particular been exceeded or overglossed, the basic principle remains unaffected. Nobody disputes that the legal responsibility of the BBC is nil, but it is alarming that the moral and traditional obligation should have been repudiated.

Meanwhile Mr Rolph is left with a financial burden that happens to be serious for him and we would be grateful if others whose sense of justice is equally affronted by this case would join us in helping to defray his debt. Contributions should be sent to Norman St John-Stevas, 143 Harley Street, W1.

SIR ALAN HERBERT
BENN LEVY
NORMAN ST JOHN-STEVAS
HANNEN SWAFFER
FRANCIS WILLIAMS

[The NEW STATESMAN, which regularly publishes distinguished articles by Mr Rolph, wishes strongly to associate itself with this appeal.—ED., *NS*.]

SPANISH MEMORIAL

SIR,—The parade of former Spanish soldiers of the British army and their friends, from the Admiralty Arch to the Cenotaph, in order to lay a wreath there in memory of the Spaniards, and English and men of every nationality, who died in the last war for liberty, will take place on 20 December at 2 p.m., and not at 11 a.m. as previously announced.

JOSE ANTONIO BALBONTIN

UNILATERAL DISARMAMENT

SIR,—May I point out that by an odd printing mistake I was made to say in my letter to you that the policy of unilateral nuclear disarmament was the 'worst' effective policy? I hope I wrote 'most'.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Intellectuals in Residence

THE World's Classics volume of *American Critical Essays** is, in a way, a melancholy sight for an English critic: not, certainly, in appearance – with its positively jaunty pink and grey jacket – nor in size – it could profitably have run to a second volume – but simply in the standard of the work. It supplements the quite extraordinarily unrepresentative collection of American criticism published in the same series in 1930; it is also, says the blurb, a companion to the volume of English criticism World's Classics brought out last year. It is here the melancholy strikes. One might as well call the Matterhorn a companion mountain to Snowdon. The sheer bulk of serious, complex, concentrated and detailed American criticism is not matched in this country. For our major generation we have Eliot (since Harold Beaver does not count him among the Americans), I. A. Richards (though he is mysteriously chosen for the other side), F. R. Leavis, William Empson, Wilson Knight and F. W. Bateson. Against them Mr Beaver can line up, among others, R. P. Blackmur, Allen Tate, Yvor Winters, Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, Alfred Kazin, F. O. Matthiessen, Robert Penn Warren and W. H. Auden – among others. And behind them are all the important critics Mr Beaver hasn't chosen at all: no Kenneth Burke, no John Crowe Ransom, no Francis Fergusson nor W. K. Wimsatt; none of the Chicago Aristotelians nor semantic analysts; scarcely any of the younger critics – no R. W. B. Lewis, nor Marius Bewley, no J. W. Aldridge, no Joseph Frank nor Randall Jarrell. The roll-call is long and intimidating, for American criticism is, in its way, one of the great impressive achievements of modern literature.

Of course, the Americans have all the advantages: they have huge benevolent foundations to give them money; they have high-powered seminars, summer schools and conferences to listen to them; above all, they have space. There is virtually no journal in England that will pay a critic for a long, detailed essay on a literary subject which, by the editor's lights, is considered neither 'contemporary' nor 'of general interest'. If an English critic wants to write at length he must publish in the States: in the *Kenyon*, the *Partisan*, the *Hudson*, or the *Sewanee*. But then there are not many English critics who seem interested in that kind of extended work: *Scrutiny* foundered, presumably, from lack of new contributors, not lack of support; and *Essays in Criticism* rapidly turned, with occasional exceptions, into Essays in Scholarship. Most English academics stick to literary history, an admirable job, but one more concerned with background than judgment. Hence evaluation has largely to be done within the limits of critical journalism. Instead of the great quarterlies, we have the weeklies.

Now literary journalism has its advantages: it must be clear, to the point and readable – which does not necessarily mean vapid. But good art is long, and space short. One can state themes, hint at complexities, but rarely analyse them and still less follow where they lead. Moreover, part of the reviewer's job is to tell the readers whether or not they should buy the book. What of the good books with which he disagrees and the bad books which are on the right side? Without room to make the proper qualifications, he succumbs, as often as not, to paralysis of choice. At a lower level, there is an even more deadly disease, Hack's Fatigue: with deadlines looming and the 'phone ringing, the writer bypasses the difficulties of critical judgment and settles for usable material – trends, attitudes, striking lines and phrases. Unlike Homer, the continual surprise of critical journalism is not that it sometimes nods, but that considering the conditions in which most of it is written, it gets anything said at all.

Critical journalism hardly exists in the States. (Edmund Wilson is its only major exponent, and he has considerably more space and vastly more intelligence than the rest of us dream of.) One can read through the *New York Times Book Review* for months on end without realising a bad work has been published. The serious critics make their living on the Universities circuit. So they have a different function: they may or may not be teachers, but they are always Intellectuals in Residence.

Perhaps this is as it should be. Modern criticism was made necessary by modern poetry. Its aim was to elucidate work that was concentrated, allusive, difficult and new. But the major critic was also the major poet, T. S. Eliot. His interest was not to develop a handy technique of analysis; that was a job for the pedagogues, like Cleanth Brooks. Eliot, when he was not working out his preoccupations as a poet, was concerned to raise the general level of critical discussion. The old gentleman-of-letters clichés – that 'rare gift for a haunting phrase' and the like, that aura of 'fine writing', those invocations of 'verbal magic' – had created a block to the understanding; sooner or later, they landed all criticism with its head into a blank wall of speechlessness. Housman's final criteria of poetic excellence were, he admitted, purely physiological: a bristling of the skin, a piercing sensation in the pit of the stomach, a shiver down the spine.

Eliot replaced all this with a sentence: 'the only method,' he wrote, 'is to be very intelligent'. From this the whole New Criticism developed. All its strategies and techniques, its ambiguity, irony, symbolic action, intension and extension, texture and structure, were simply so many ways of ensuring that the reader be intelligent: that he read closely, think as well as respond, reason and argue instead of merely asserting. In America, the Twenties was the decade of great creative activity. The Thirties was a time of criticism, when the creative discoveries were analysed and established. The achievement of the great generation of American critics was to ensure that literature was once more the domain of the 'very intelligent'.

The popular image of the New Critics, where it exists, is of so many cold-blooded analysts examining with powerful lenses and clinical neatness the delicate secrets of verse; and, of course, they murder to dissect. Yet little of this kind of niggling gets into Mr Beaver's collection. Admittedly, it is not wholly representative; the editor has more a taste for critical biography than literary dialectic and this does not do full justice to the range of American work. Nevertheless, analysis, for the best American critics, is always a starting point for a journey to somewhere else.

From our point of view, for example, the most curious essay in the book is Allen Tate on 'The Man of Letters in the Modern World'. He begins unexceptionally enough:

> To keep alive the knowledge of ourselves with which the literary arts continue to enlighten the more ignorant portion of mankind . . . to separate them from other indispensable forms of knowledge, and to define their limits, is the intellectual and thus the social function of the writer. Here the man of letters is the critic.

Yet within a page or two the writer is no longer the practitioner of one discipline among many, he has become responsible for the whole of society, its corruption, its decay, its appalling misuse of power:

> If [he] . . . is aware of more, he is able to do less, than the politician, who does not know what he is doing. The man of letters sees that modern societies are machines, even if he thinks that they ought not to be. . . . While the politician, in his cynical innocence, uses society, the man of letters disdainfully, or perhaps even absent-mindedly, withdraws from it.

What is curious about this charge is not its truth, but the fact that it can be made at all. When Dr Leavis, for example, criticises contemporary literature his attacks are based on an unyieldingly stringent social criticism. But it is made from the outside; the measure of his integrity is his refusal to participate in the rat-race. For his American counterpart, this would be the measure of his guilt. Because the critic knows literature, he knows man; hence his responsibility extends directly and continually from writing to society. If the individual is being overwhelmed by mass-society, it is the critics, not the politicians, nor the combines, nor the Madison Avenue boys, who are to blame. 'If a nation's literature declines', wrote Pound, 'the nation atrophies and decays'. The critics, with their painfully acute awareness of language, have become the intellectual guardians of the national conscience.

The reason is, quite simply, that in the States literature – and largely modern literature, since American writing begins where the Oxford syllabus used to end – has replaced the other humanities as the major cultural discipline. So the kind of moral and intellectual discriminations which used to be the business of the philosophers and theologians have been taken over by the new humanists, the critics. It is they who must continually discriminate among the Protean shapes and functions of man. Hence when the Rockefeller Foundation wanted a cultural report on Europe and the Middle East, and the State Department wanted to send a distinguished non-political emissary to Japan, they

* *American Critical Essays, Twentieth Century.* Selected by HAROLD BEAVER. *Oxford.* 7s.

both chose a literary critic, R. P. Blackmur. And the article he published in the *Kenyon* on the latter trip was concerned with the function of the American intellectual abroad, not with the dissemination of American literature.

The Japanese, apparently, gave Blackmur the title of 'Sage', not critic or writer. They had a point. For the foreigner one of the more surprising things about the best American literary men is the breadth and thoroughness of their reading. An Englishman who could move almost as effortlessly in philosophy, political theory, sociology and psychology as in literature, would be a phœnix among critics. In America, he could hardly lay claim to a really serious reputation without that equipment. The specialist training provided by knowing about literature and deploying the complex techniques of analysis is only the entrance ticket to a much larger arena of discrimination where all the forms in which behaviour and language mingle are put to the test. And this, since the time of Plato, has been the traditional function of the intellectual. It is certainly as much in the tradition of Coleridge and Matthew Arnold as it is of the great generation of American critics. We might do well to revive it here.

A. ALVAREZ

The Most of S. J. Perelman (Heinemann, 25s) kicks off topically with the evergreen playlet, *Waiting for Santy* ('Scene: The sweatshop of S. Claus, a manufacturer of children's toys, on North Pole Street'), and for the rest of the 650 pages, culled from thirty years of writing, S. J. Perelman knocks the language round and puts charges under his readers' dearest prejudices.

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COLLINS

The Were-Man

Alone, alone and well alone at last,
Sentries by stealth outwitted, frontiers passed!
Yet walking alien thoroughfares, you brood
Fearfully on the man by this feat rescued.

Never before, though trusted friends were few,
Though your own love of loves her oath outgrew,
Though off to the loud wars your children ran,
Never before closeted with a were-man.

Loathing his sylvan company, unable
To bed with him or set his place at table,
A savage life you lead, condemned to share
Your hearth with one whose habitat is nowhere.

ROBERT GRAVES

Cleopatra to the Asp

The bright mirror I braved: the devil in it
Loved me like my soul, my soul:
Now that I seek myself in a serpent
My smile is fatal.

Nile moves in me; my thighs splay
Into the squalled Mediterranean;
My brain hides in that Abyssinia
Lost armies foundered towards.

Desert and river unwrinkle again.
Seeming to bring them the waters that make drunk
Caesar, Pompey, Anthony I drank.
Now let the snake reign.

A half-deity out of Capricorn,
This rigid Augustus mounts
With his sword virginal indeed; and has shorn
Summarily the moon-horned river

From my bed. May the moon
Ruin him with virginity! Drink me, now, whole
With coiled Egypt's past; then from my delta
Swim like a fish toward Rome.

TED HUGHES

Looking On

Hearing our voices raised –
Perhaps in anger,
Or in some trivial argument
That is not anger –
She screams until we stop,
And smile, and look at her,
Poised on the sheer drop
Which opens under her.

If these, her parents, show
How the gods can fail,
Squabbling on Olympus,
How can she fail
To see that anarchy
Is what one must expect,
That to be happy
One must be circumspect?

But the reverse is true
Also, when we kiss,
Seeing herself excluded
Even from that kiss.
The gods' too gross affairs
Made myths for innocent men,
So the innocent eye stares
At love in its den.

Like a strange motley beast
Out of an old myth,
Anger and love together
Make up her own myth
Of these two who cherish,
Protect, feed, deny,
In whose arms she will flourish
Or else will die.

ANTHONY THWAITE

A Requiem

It is the ritual not the fact
That brings a held emotion to
Its breaking-point. This man I knew
Only a little, by his death
Shows me a love I thought I lacked
And all the stirrings underneath.

It is the calm, the solemn thing,
Not the distracted mourner's cry
Or the cold place where dead things lie,
That teaches me I cannot claim
To stand aside. These tears which sting –
Are they from sorrow or from shame?

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Beliefs in Summer

'Ghostland is beyond the jurisdiction of veracity'
(Hawthorne)

Lying in scratchy grasses in July,
The rooks like tealeaves tossed about the sky:
The air dissolves in blue, the blue in light.
Touching the film of sight,
A chain of motes drifts by,
Or sinks erratically,
Glimpsed only by the uninsistent eye.

What are those small sharp shapes upon the sky,
Darting like angels, fading in the blue?
Subdue your judgment gently: all July
Beats from without; within
Sleep impregnates the dry
Tissues of consciousness. And then
A ghost plucks at your skin,
Tugging you back to air: you try
To fix the floating motes in either eye.

Little to see in this exhausting light:
The dust like rooks is bandied in the bright
Bowl of the air; the swifts perform on high,
Distant as angels; edges of seed drift by,
Scratch and are gone: we wake.
Was it a ghost? We try
To clutch the truth, if only for truth's sake.

Veracity won't take: lights on the eye,
Eludes the clutch of judgment, and is gone.
Veracity won't cling: the torn seed floats
Into the safety of the summer day,
Leaving us woken, seeing messengers
Of ghostland, godland fly
Into the blue, like motes
That brilliant with July
Are blinked by us
And blinked by us away.

LAURENCE LERNER

Hawksmoor's House in Order

Hawksmoor. By KERRY DOWNES. *Zwemmer.* 6 gns.

Thirty-five years ago, H. S. Goodhart-Rendel predicted the acceptance of Hawksmoor as a great master and observed that when the time came there would have to be much sifting of evidence to clarify his actual performance. Well, the time has come and the sifting has been done, most beautifully, by Mr Kerry Downes. This is a very good book and, for anybody who has been entranced for years by the Hawksmoor enigma, a most exciting one – a Joanna Southcott's box of a book, full of clues and even sometimes solutions to deep architectural mysteries.

The mysteries are in part factual, in part psychological. We knew that Hawksmoor received his training under Wren, collaborated with Vanbrugh at Castle Howard and Blenheim, took charge of various works for which Wren was officially responsible, and only became his unequivocal architect-self at fifty, as the designer of the fabulous East London churches. Thus, there are some fifteen or twenty tangled years within which attributions have rattled about irresponsibly between Hawksmoor and Wren, Hawksmoor and Vanbrugh, and even Hawksmoor and Talman or Archer. Mr Laurence Whistler did much in his Vanbrugh studies to clear things up, and Mr Downes has done more. We now have a pretty fair idea of Hawksmoor's personal designing all the way from 1692 (when Wren let him handle the Writing School at Christ's Hospital) to his appointment as one of the New Church surveyors in 1711. From then onward things have always been easier but Mr Downes has sharpened the whole picture by correcting the chronology of designs and buildings and, furthermore, by listing all the letters and printing many of them.

After all this, how does Hawksmoor look? The delightful thing is, of course, that he looks just as mysterious as ever, simply because his architecture is intrinsically mysterious and only in very small part capable of 'explanation' in terms of methods and sources. Hawksmoor, the industrious administrator, the perfect clerk-of-works, the not-quite-literate Vitruvian, pursued all through his life a dream of architectural magnificence. From time to time circumstances made it possible for the dream to engage with actualities, but to understand Hawksmoor it is necessary to study the drawings of things which never got built as well as the things which did. It is necessary to visualise Oxford and Cambridge as he would have replanned and partly rebuilt them, and Greenwich Hospital as he would have completed it with a cathedral-like chapel on the main axis. His drawings are far from exquisite and never ends in themselves, but they show the nature and ambition of the dream, with its strong element of romantic archaeology, its quaint echoes of Bernini and Borromini and, above all, those obsessional themes which make Hawksmoor Hawksmoor. Of these the most constant is what one may conveniently call the sentry-box.

Imagine a sentry-box twenty, thirty or even sixty feet high, and built of solid masonry. Imagine it with vertical buttresses stopping where the arch begins. Then imagine, if you like, the buttresses articulated as a classical order of columns. There you have an image whose constant recurrence – sometimes shrunk, sometimes expanded, now muted, now blazoned with orna-

A Present from America

Westport,
Connecticut.

Dear Charles,

My warmest thanks for sending me the *New Statesman* for Christmas. It helps no end to reduce the pain of commuting, and I can read it before Joan latches on to it. You say you have become a commuter yourself (where is Little Bogfosters anyway?), so I've decided to reply in kind. I am going to send you ***The Reporter*** which is the most intelligent and enjoyable liberal magazine on our side of the water.

If you haven't already heard of it, it's a fortnightly, and although it's only been going on ten years, it has built up a sizeable and very impressive circulation over here among thoughtful people. It publishes some really first-class reporting on American problems, and I know that in Washington it is *required* reading for it has really taken the lid off some rather murky goings-on down there—not sensational stuff, mind you, but accurate, thoroughly-researched balanced reporting.

It has a very high level of international coverage and some of your own best writers contribute both from the old country, from Asia and the Middle East. Thinking back, I know that it has given me information I couldn't find anywhere else—a series on the China Lobby operations, the first thorough report on the dangers of fallout, a brilliant series of stories that prepared me, at least, for the Suez crisis.

But the main reason I know you'll like it is that you and Sue are interested in America. It seems to me that ***The Reporter*** conveys the flavor and color of American life, its fun as well as its problems, as no one else has since Mencken. And everyone, from Dean Acheson to John Cheever, writes for it. It has one of the best satirical poets, called SEC, since your own Sagittarius gave up. And there are always first-rate book, movie and theatre reviews.

I wish we could spend Christmas with you this year—but, since one can't, ***The Reporter*** is the finest present from our own shore that I can think of.

Yours,
Bob.

P.S. I've discovered I'm lucky! ***The Reporter*** people tell me there's a new special subscription offer for British readers.

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ment – is one of the keys to Hawksmoor's individuality. To account for it is difficult. Has it perhaps some remote affinity with the medieval obsession with arch-and-gable motifs?

Certainly there is something Gothic in the classical Hawksmoor just as there is something classical in his Gothic. But the interplay of the two is very subtle. I had always considered the tower of St Anne's, Limehouse, to be a deliberate Latin paraphrase of the type of Gothic tower represented by Boston 'stump'. But Mr Downes corrects me and shows convincingly that the lantern was imagined as a 'tower of the winds', presumably on the basis of Vitruvius's exiguous description of the building at Athens. Only at the last moment did it receive a twist in the Gothic direction – while still, of course, remaining Roman in detail. The Limehouse tower is, in fact, exactly analogous to that of St George's, Bloomsbury, where George II is poised on top of a miniature and highly speculative reconstruction of the tomb of King Mausolos. Archaeology constantly stirred Hawksmoor's imagination and he had, of course, the inestimable advantage of never having been out of England.

The chapters in which these and other churches are discussed are among the best things in the book – penetrating, precise and remarkably well written. There are ninety-six excellently chosen plates, closely related to the text. Many of the buildings have been re-photographed and so has the portrait-bust by Cheere at All Souls. What a formidable countenance it represents! The prominent eyes and down-drawn mouth seem ready to challenge inefficiency and send meddling incompetence away with a flea in its ear. But Mr Downes need not worry.

JOHN SUMMERSON

The London Magazine

★The December Number, now on sale (3s. 6d.) contains, among other contributions, a long personal reminiscence of RAYMOND CHANDLER, by **Ian Fleming,** quoting many of Chandler's letters; stories by **Alain Robbe-Grillet, P. H. Newby,** and a new Australian author, **Kevin Hartshorne;** THE ADVENTURES OF SAUL BELLOW, by **Anthony Quinton,** and a review of **Evelyn Waugh's** RONALD KNOX, by Sir Maurice Bowra.

★Coming in January:

A new long poem AT THE SUPERMARKET by William Plomer, and a new story by Jean Rhys, TILL SEPTEMBER, PETRONELLA, with a study of her work by Francis Wyndham.

Why not give a year's subscription as a Christmas present? 42s. post free.

Grandpa Was a Beatnik

The Banquet Years: The Arts in France 1885-1918. By ROGER SHATTUCK. *Faber.* 36*s.*

'The Banquet Years' were *la belle époque*; Roger Shattuck is Associate Professor of Romance Languages at the University of Texas; and his book, if I'm not mistaken, is a sugar-coated Ph.D. thesis. The sugar consists of its rather forced title, its end-papers, its twenty evocative pages of photographs, and its first and last chapters, which goggle in turn at the Naughty Nineties and at what Raymond Queneau calls *'Paris-baille-naïte'*. 'The only barrier to rampant adultery was the whalebone corset' (p.3). 'All Paris lives in a time it sets for itself' (p.273) – this, it must be admitted, is strictly for the bunkhouse. But sandwiched between the Offenbach prelude and postlude is an erudite and informative study of four figures who helped to usher in our century: 'Douanier' Rousseau, Erik Satie, Alfred Jarry, and Guillaume Apollinaire. For Mr Shattuck, these four respectively represent the logic of the child, of humour, of dreams, and of ambiguity. Together, they turn their back on conventional art, and 'manifest an unrelenting desire to dredge up new material from within'.

Mr Shattuck's four principles seem almost self-evident in a world whose simple clarity has been challenged at once by Freud, by the Marx Brothers, by Kafka, and by Professor William Empson. In this respect his book reminds one of an official biography of the liberator-turned-dictator. For this reason, its general thesis is less interesting than its details; but here, unfortunately, the apparent kinship of its four subjects begins to dissolve into far more complex patterns.

'Douanier' Rousseau, of course, has always been a mystery. How truly naive was he? Was he in any deliberate sense a post-Impressionist at all – or was he merely a primitive *malgré lui*? As Mr Shattuck puts it, 'the paradox of Rousseau's work is that although he tried to produce works in the lineage of the window-on-reality, he painted himself into the segment-of-wall tradition'. With more formal training, would he have become an Academy painter? One suspects that he might have tried. In this sense, despite his famous remark to Picasso – '*Nous sommes les deux plus grands peintres de l'époque – toi dans le genre égyptien, moi dans le genre moderne*' – it is as if he backed into a new tradition, his eye fixed firmly elsewhere. It may be that this is the way in which truly new traditions arise: but it was certainly not the case with Satie, Jarry, or Apollinaire.

Mr Shattuck proves himself knowledgeable about Rousseau's paintings, claiming to detect several forgeries in existing books of reproductions. He seems equally expert on the music of Erik Satie – although here a lay reviewer must follow him circumspectly. Satie's humour, in titles and programme notes, is another matter; to me it remains in the category of 'musical jokes', verging perilously on cliquish, elephantine facetiousness. Mr Shattuck sums him up as 'unforgettable' for being 'singular, for being humble and joyous and wise', but denies him greatness, which 'was not a quality Satie valued'. He will no doubt be remembered as much for this quizzicality as for his part in *Parade*.

Alfred Jarry, on the other hand, is probably most familiar to English readers for his real-life appearance, *'une sorte de jocrisse étrange, à la face enfarinée, à l'oeil de jais, aux cheveux plaques comme une calotte de moleskine'*, in Gide's *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*. In France, the name of his creation Père Ubu has passed into the language – the paunchy, foul-tongued, rapacious representative of the Id, innocent in the very completeness of his depravity. Mr Shattuck writes sympathetically of Jarry, who in some ways became his own Père Ubu, but his treatment of the Ubu texts and of the burlesque 'pataphysics' is less satisfactory. Trying too hard to assimilate Jarry into 'the logic of dreams', he underplays both his wild, Marxian humour and his sheer desperation, just as he tends to leave out of account the underlying 'anguish' in existentialist use of the word 'absurd'. In some lights, a joke is a joke is a tragedy.

Ambiguity of this kind, finally, is what Mr Shattuck sees in Apollinaire. As with 'Douanier' Rousseau, however, the greater the figure the less neatly he fits the pattern; and in one respect at least Apollinaire is Rousseau's opposite. Superficially novel, his best poems can now be seen to draw much of their strength from familiar metre, including the alexandrine, and from already established traditions. Their originality lay in the fluidity, the Bloom-like eclecticism, of Apollinaire's images. Surprisingly, Mr Shattuck refrains from rigorous analysis, and is guilty of tone-deaf translation: 'the shells were bellowing', for instance, is a very clumsy rendering of the precise whine conveyed by *'les obus miaulaient'*. He says little, too, of Apollinaire's specifically literary forbears or progeny, although he provides a sensitive and balanced account of his life.

His conclusion is likewise less than satisfactory – a frankly muddled grappling with the new self-consciousness, the self-reflexiveness, of the arts in France. One of his illustrations sums the book up better. It shows an early aeroplane in flight, a fantastic errand-boy's bicycle with flat rectangular wings. A ridiculous contraption? The harbinger of screaming jets and intercontinental missiles, of action painting and Samuel Beckett and *musique concrète*? Of course; but also a brave adventure, and one that still continues. Grandpa was a beatnik, too.

RICHARD MAYNE

Resurrecting an Ancestor

F. H. Bradley. By RICHARD WOLLHEIM. *Penguin Books.* 5*s.*

The history of philosophy is a history of repeated parricide. In each generation we make use of the weapons which we have inherited from our immediate predecessors in order to slay them. After their death we forget what they were really like and project an ideal image of them into the heavens; to this image we attribute all the faults which we particularly want to castigate, reserving all virtuous characteristics to ourselves. The chief difference between this sequence of events and that in the Freudian myth about the origins of monotheism, is that in the Freudian myth the dominant emotion in the hearts of the murderous sons is guilt, whereas among philosophers it is rather self-congratulation that reigns.

In recent years we have seen this process exemplified in the attitudes of contemporary linguistic philosophers to the thought both of Russell and of the Vienna Circle. This has been retribution with vengeance, for analytical philosophers had become accustomed to remembering the great ritual slaying of the wicked father as being that accomplished by Moore and Russell on the English Idealists (so called, it has been remarked, because they resemble the English Empiricists in having a Scotsman as one of their chief exponents). For many years it has been the habit to treat Idealist thought as the paradigm case of philosophical absurdity, and to treat F. H. Bradley

as a typical Idealist metaphysician. The iconoclasm of the first edition of *Language, Truth and Logic* found its specimen metaphysical utterance in a remark about the Absolute taken from Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*. Bradley has indeed reached the stage where undergraduate students feel able to refute him without having to go through the onerous task of reading him.

No book could have been better designed to put an end to this disreputable state of affairs than that which Mr Wollheim has now given us. It combines a puncturing of the myths about Bradley with a lucid and penetrating discussion of the key topics of Bradley's philosophy. So much in Bradley now appears relevant and akin to the topics of contemporary discussion that one might suspect that Mr Wollheim was reading a concern with such topics into Bradley, were it not for the fact that every assertion which he makes is substantiated by apposite quotation. Bradley's journey to the Absolute appears now not as some arbitrary metaphysical construction, but as a relentless following out of the consequences of his own devastating criticisms of empiricism. Those who have treated him as an Idealist appear in this light as a great deal less perceptive than Edward Caird, who in the name of Idealism repudiated Bradley from the outset. We see moreover how many of the young Russell's insights must have been gained from Bradley's arguments.

It has been said that to be ignorant of the history of philosophy is to be condemned to repeat it. Mr Wollheim's book should save us from a good deal of unnecessary repetition. Its style, its attention to detail and its ability to awaken interest make it a model of its kind.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

Report on a Sombre Century

The Fourteenth Century, 1307-1399. By MAY MCKISACK. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

Futile, bloody and immoral: these were the epithets Stubbs applied to the fourteenth century. 'This age', he wrote in a sentence ignored by those who regard him as a thoroughgoing Whig interpreter, 'has its struggles, but they are contests of personal and family faction, not of great causes'. There is indeed much to be said for this sombre view. It was a period dominated by faction, famine, war and plague; a period which saw the deposition of two kings, a severe reduction of the population, the disillusionment of the victors of Poitiers, of those who rose in 1381 and of the bishop of Norwich who rode them down. Yet it is also the period of Froissart and Chaucer, of the dramatic growth of the English cloth industry, of a remarkably precocious statement of parliamentary claims, and of distinguished achievement in mathematics and the sciences. It is also a period for which the nature of the evidence makes the task of the professional historian extremely difficult. The administrative records are abundant, but they are shot through and through with fictions, evasions, distortions, suppressions and ignorance. And in the narrative sources the leading personalities appear only too often as pasteboard figures, or as the subjects of bewilderingly contradictory judgments. It is not surprising that much of the best recent work on the period has been largely destructive.

Miss McKisack has not attempted to give us a new interpretation of the period. Her volume is considerably shorter than Sir Maurice Powicke's, and she has kept much more closely to the original plan of the series. Six chapters of general analysis and description are dovetailed into ten chapters of narrative to form an admirably compact and comprehensive structure. Within this she has conceived her main task as being to give a report in the light of modern scholarship. Sometimes she is over-conscientious: we are told that four alternative sites have been suggested for the site of the battle of Bannockburn, and each of these is duly shown on the accompanying map. A single sentence on population figures is understandably cast in the form 'perhaps . . . likely . . . probably . . . possibly. . . .' But she is not afraid of raising questions when the evidence does not allow them to be answered with finality; and she can be crisp, penetrating and independent on the difficult and controversial issues. Her two chapters on economic history are a triumph of compression, clarity and fairness. She does not try to play down the social grievances or 'the acute class-consciousness of medieval burgesses'; but there is a great deal to be said for her view that the causes and consequences of the Peasants' Revolt were political rather than social and economic. At one point orthodoxy appears to have got the better of her common sense. Is it really likely that when the rebel peasants demanded 'no law but the law of Winchester' they were asking for 'a return to the police law of Edward I'? The peasants had been making many optimistic appeals to Domesday Book in the hope of gaining protection against increased services; and Domesday Book had been known as the book of Winchester.

Miss McKisack's qualities are those of the judge rather than of the advocate or the detective: her words are addressed to the jurors and not to the reporters, to the students and not to the 'general readers'. But it is not the best judges who most frequently appear in the headlines; and the jurors at least will be grateful for so expert a summing up.

J. O. PRESTWICH

Reflections from a Sage

The Road to Self-Rule. By W. M. MACMILLAN. *Faber.* 35*s.*

Professor Macmillan has aimed to give us, after a distinguished line of Colonial, especially African, studies, a great synthetic review. His theme is a great one – the evolution of British colonial policy and its consequences for 'dependent peoples' from the beginnings of empire to the present day.

For a number of reasons this ambitious project is not a complete success. One is that we do not get any new information on the dependent peoples themselves; what we get instead is a massive compression of standard historical material, seen for the most part through the eyes of policy-makers, official and unofficial. Moreover, while the breadth of learning is immense, the comments at the end of each chapter do not always seem to follow from the narrative so much as from the author's personal philosophy of government. The style too is personal, not to say idiosyncratic. Its curious mixture of archaism and asides about colonial VIPs is likely to irritate the serious student without much illuminating the layman; as, for example, on the Statute of Westminster:

> The emphasis, disregarding actual achievement of power, is on equality; the idea of unity almost drops out – even if on the showing of the late Mr L. S. Amery, in the All Souls smoking-room one Sunday

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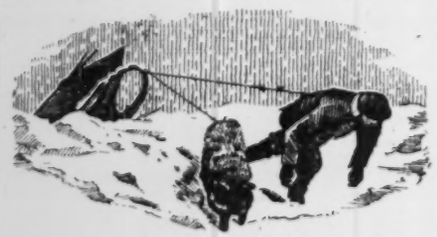

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morning during the sittings of the 1926 Conference, the archetype of the phrasing was the Athanasian Creed!

There are also too many remarks such as 'about 1947 a Labour Secretary of State . . . surprised many by' doing something which would have surprised many, but is not in fact what he did (in 1948). Such slips make one lose confidence in the generalisations on unfamiliar matters, and indeed the whole account of the vexed issue of Central African Federation is extremely unreliable. What this book really is, is the personal testament of a sage who is well worth listening to. He believes that, colonialism being the inevitable result of the meeting of advanced with backward peoples, the only proper measure of colonial policy is its contribution to the 'internal development' of the backward; and that Britain's experience with the American colonies has led to a continuing preoccupation with political status which to this day distorts the thinking of the indigenous leaders of Africa, diverting attention from their fundamental internal problems. This historical theme is worked out with rich insight; what is depressing is the poverty of constructive ideas which Professor Macmillan is able to offer to the new African leadership as a result of his analysis. Self-help, the protestant ethic and the spirit of capitalism; realism and responsibility. 'The development of these lands and of their peoples', he writes in a striking passage,

> will not be furthered by . . . teachers who belittle the ascendancy Europe long enjoyed as a triumph of amoral technology – as if the best technology could be other than the product of plain living and high thinking, and a disciplined capacity for taking pains.

Yet greed and nationalism, which Professor Macmillan regards with distaste in the new Africa, surely also played their part in Europe's ascendancy. Is the philosophy which will harness these factors to constructive service in Africa really still the harsh faith of Political Economy?

COLIN LEYS

New Novels

The Watch that Ends the Night. By HUGH MACLENNAN. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Down the Long Table. By EARLE BIRNEY. *Abelard Schuman.* 16*s.*

Sacrilege in Malaya. By PIERRE BOULLE. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

I Can Take It All. By ANTHONY GLYN. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Wise Mr MacLennan: no ostentatious Great Canadian Novel for him. In *The Watch that Ends the Night*, his fifth novel and by far the most impressive of this batch, Jerome Martell, a brilliant, virile doctor reputed to have died in a Nazi prison-camp, returns to Montreal. Catherine, his former wife, has now married her childhood sweetheart, George Stewart, a well-known political broadcaster and the book's narrator; Martell's return shatters her always precarious health (she has a rheumatic heart) as well as Stewart's belated idyll. Through flashbacks neither forced nor otiose, Mr MacLennan explores the elements of this crisis: Martell, once a waif of the lumber-camps, grows into a man as resolute in political debate as in the operating theatre; Catherine, losing touch with George Stewart, marries Martell and blooms under his lusty tutelage – even doing the impossible in having a child by him. But Martell responds to the political tremors of the Thirties as much as to her, and eventually leaves for Spain with Norah Blackwell, his supposed mistress. Stewart, until then an insipid drifter, moves in; Catherine's life with him becomes a sedate partnership; with Martell it has been an exacerbating race. Yet Stewart's admiration for Martell (a 'hammer' of a man) and Catherine's unthinking fealty to her former husband never fade and, in fact, sharpen the anguish caused by his reappearance. His transit devastates, but also gives humility, spiritual power and new direction to the lives he's blighted.

Mr MacLennan centred his first novel, *Barometer Rising*, on a *revenant*, but one who returned in order to vindicate and resettle himself. Martell, in all his wisdom and stoic power, just drifts on, a saviour-inquisitor figure, broken and newly whole, denying all needs and yet still needing his wife. Until he vanishes for the last time, the novel is unflinching and convincing, But in the last sixty pages or so George Stewart, the pilgrim, races homeward, not so much coming to terms as evading. 'Already,' he confesses, 'the world surrounding me was becoming a shadow.' But how so? Mr MacLennan says that 'to love the mystery surrounding us is the final and only sanction of human existence'. George's 'love', so incomplete, is neither sanction nor acceptance, and conflicts with his own loving sense of the Canadian scene's variety over thirty years – from New Brunswick logging-camps to Communist gatherings in frisky, clannish Montreal, from cautious power-seekers in Ottawa to the mediocre English-type school where he originally taught. It's a meaty, disturbing novel, but I for one find the ending specious and phoney.

What Mr MacLennan does for Leftist activities in Montreal, Mr Birney does more tediously for Toronto and Vancouver. *Down the Long Table* opens with a public hearing where Professor Saunders, tired Canadian radical and specialist in medieval English at a Mormon college in Utah, is denying un-American activities. But once a rebel . . . the novel plods back over his picaresque career: as a young lecturer, quitting both Mormon college and pregnant mistress; pursuing a Ph.D. in Toronto; muddled politics, muddled love, bumming across Canada on freight trains in order to start a Third International in Vancouver; donnishly quizzing the layabouts of the South Vancouver Workers' Educational Army; eventually returning to Utah, respectability and a safe chair (now having his doctorate). But Mr Birney, a better poet than novelist, loses his engaging and unfortunate traveller in long tracts of cant-thick bickering by wholly indistinguishable enthusiasts: '"Whoa! whoa!" Jack shouted, "for jeeper's sakes, that's inner-party factionalism!"' A dull parody of dull dogs but also, whenever the Prof's unpolitical side shows, mordant in spasms ('goon English for desert hillbillies') and good for a Senior Common Room belly-laugh. With less documentary purpose and more panache, this might have been an effective and savage book. Mr Birney separates his chapters with excerpts from newspapers; unfortunately there seems more life in yesterday's guff than in Mr Birney's re-enactment.

M. Boulle, enumerating in the deadpan way of Robbe-Grillet, tells of 'Sophia' (Society for the Overseas Promotion of Horticulture, Industry and Agriculture'), a Malayan rubber company run, before and after the war, by as touchy a set of finicking bureaucrats – both French and English – as one's met outside the skits of Lawrence Durrell. Maille, the new engineer, all innovation and lust, gradually succumbs to organisational pride, steals the wife of conformist Dassier but eventually abandons her for the company's good. There are some hilarious ac-

counts of inquisitions into desk-placing, handshaking, etiquette with Tamils, time and motion reports (the 'Ratio' of 'Sophia') and the siting of a tiger's head on the cover of the Company Bulletin. One project, a three-storey bungalow on a mountain-top, is funny but overworked – as indeed are most of the Company's asininities. In reducing to absurdity, M. Boulle works too hard, ignoring how nearly absurd most of his topics already are. There is too much film-scriptish cataloguing; too many silly documents are included; and, somehow, the zany people don't quite come through: perhaps that's the point of it all. But, I suspect, their cipher quality is the result not of M. Boulle's planning but of his boredom with anything save the abstract, satirical idea. As it is, this is more shaggy-dog than satire, but that isn't the fault of Xan Fielding's sensitive translation.

I Can Take It All shows how a fey, regal Finnish girl (a famous comic-strip artist to boot) sensitises into marriage Adam Hill, a randy young lumber executive. Adam's first-person self-exposures spare us nothing, not even the Palais jokes ('There isn't much point in drooling over a girl's underclothes, if you've still got the girl to play with'), the Gil Blas gaucherie, the corny boasts; they even smuggle some of Mr Glyn's own clichés ('She was bland, poker-faced'.) across the literary frontier. Amusing episodes concern Parisian bohemia, wooden and taciturn Finns drilling at a crayfish party, electric babysitters and steaming *saunas*. But for literary ventriloquism the book isn't compressed enough or pungent enough. If you want to take it at all, take the advice given, in another context, by one of Adam's old flames: 'Eat the omelette quickly'.

PAUL WEST

Cards of Identity

Coming Into Their Own. By MARJORIE L. HOURD and GERTRUDE E. COOPER. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Whether they know it or not, all intruders into the black and white, essentially humourless lost-world of young children are automatically shot, skinned and eaten at sight. However hard we strain to hear, few genuinely decipherable messages cross the frontier. *Coming Into Their Own* is, therefore, the sort of report from the central chalk-and-milk territory for which all campers and campaigners on the fringe of this particular Rum Jungle will be grateful.

It is not, primarily, an anthology of verse written by ten-year-old children: although the rags of dozens of poems (inevitably somewhat damp and torn) flap relentlessly through its pages like a housing-estate Monday of midget underwear. It is, rather, a deeply penetrating study of the way in which a group of children reveal, through the writing of verse, unsuspected aspects of themselves, primitive cards of identity: their own, and that of the secret society they frequent. In the shrewdest and subtlest of expositions by Miss Hourd, the children are shown to come, slowly, into their own 'by using the imagination as a means of testing out their impulses in relation to a world felt to be in association with them but also known to rest apart'. And she is careful to remind us that, as with the *Ancient Mariner*, the story does not end at the second of self-realisation and the fall of the albatross from the Mariner's neck.

All parents and teachers will recognise the authenticity of these fragments. There is the passionate concern with death ('The time when I was very sad,/Was when we lost my father's dad'), a poisonous distaste for the Outsider ('Tut! Tut! I'm mammy's little girl from high school'), the stern fellow-feeling with animals ('The shetland pony there doth stand/In all his skin he looks so grand') and the polite boredom at routine competence, as with Polly the gold parrot who lived in a cage 'like a prison/And never got fed up with singing'.

Miss Cooper, headmistress of the school in which this absorbing experiment was carried out, seems a little more emotionally involved than her co-author. I found it depressing to hear that Margery 'is always sorry for her sins', and that William is 'a sheer delight . . . has a heavenly singing voice and is quite irrepressible'. And, sadly, the book is not entirely free from the teeth-breaking breath of the educational dinosaur:

> Children's spontaneous response to an environment where they have close contact with raw materials provides an obvious satisfaction, relieving tension and creating favourable group contacts.

But it is patent that both authors have a deep respect for children and for poetry: perhaps a little too much for poetry, here treated as something of a sacred mare. There is some good horse-sense, all the same. 'It is pitiful,' says Miss Hourd firmly, 'to see teachers prodding ignorance when they should be imparting knowledge.' Like many another teacher, I have always felt that well-known educationalist Lady Bracknell led the field on this subject: touch it and the bloom is gone.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

The Hungry Eye

Bridge of the Brocade Sash. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 36*s.*

Mr Sacheverell Sitwell has a hungry eye, and he was bound to be enchanted by Japan, where the appearances of things count for so much. He went there for the first time last year, and this book is his report; but he has admired Japanese painting since he read Fenollosa as a schoolboy, and he reprints here a rapturous evocation of the famous stone garden at Ryuanji in Kyoto that he wrote long before he actually saw it. My own view is that this small space of stones and combed sand is not so much 'an epoch-making work of art' as a piece of nonsense; and in general I think that Mr Sitwell is much too easily thrilled, and sometimes by the wrong things; but all the same this is the best book about Japan for many years.

Mr Sitwell has an intricate, searching mind and a marvellously preserved sense of wonder where works of art are concerned. It is a pity that he does not respond to human beings with equal curiosity, because the Japanese are the most enigmatic people in Asia. *Bridge of the Brocade Sash* is not a good travel book, but it is magnificent art criticism. Nothing better has been written about the classical Japanese artists who are so little known abroad. The great screen paintings by Sotatsu of episodes from *The Tale of Genji* are brought to vivid life, as are the ceramics of Ninsei with their strange, neurotic imperfections. Mr Sitwell's range is immense, and he makes free with the art works of a dozen cultures, drawing, for instance, what seem to me quite sensible comparisons between artists as far apart as the great Sesshu and his contemporary Giovanni Bellini. On the famous woodcuts of Hokusai and his colleagues, he is rather pedantic, perhaps for snobbish reasons, for these charming things are more admired in the West than they are in Japan. Throughout, it must be said, the absence of really

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adequate illustrations is maddening. Ideally, Mr Sitwell should be read with a pile of good books of reproductions within reach.

On the buildings he is good, too, though possibly not so discriminating. Most of the best ones are to be found in Kyoto and Nara, and Mr Sitwell fell helplessly in love with Kyoto, as anybody might: '. . . this wonderful, cryptomeria bough'd and branch'd, pagoda'd, bronze-bell-booming, old city', he calls it. There is as much to see as in Rome. Mr Sitwell is a more conscientious temple-gazer than I am, but nearly always when we have been to the same place, I am made aware of an inadequacy in myself. There are notable descriptions of the Golden Pavilion of Kinkakuji reflected in its graceful lake, of the temples at Nanzenji with their paintings of imaginary tigers, of the temple of Kiyomizu hung on a hillside, of the curiously modern Katsura Detached Palace. Unfortunately Mr Sitwell did not enjoy the wonderful temple of Horyuji near Nara, the oldest Buddhist shrine in the world, a construction to compare for grandeur and delicacy with Chartres. He admired the glorious wooden figure of Kannon, but the small scale of the buildings seems to have worried him, even though the proportions are so perfect. In spite of this, he felt at home in the old gardens of Kyoto, whose miniscule quality irritates many foreigners.

Mr Sitwell discerned among his Japanese acquaintances an artistry that is almost universal, so that one rarely sees an ugly object in everyday use. He was ravished by the pretty dresses and the gay match-box labels; but there is something a little creepy about all this good taste. For instance, the appearance of food is valued more highly than its taste, a barbarous attitude that Mr Sitwell appears to condone. Nor does he spare us the usual encomium on the Japanese house, which photographs so handsomely and is such hell to live in. Surely something has gone wrong with a society in which the components of ordinary living are separated in this way? Mr Sitwell stands aside from such questions, which is a pity, for they are the logical end of his artistic inquiries.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

THE SECOND

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Herbert Read

Shorter Reviews

Marcel Proust, A World Symposium : Adam International Review. Edited by MIRON GRINDEA. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Adam, that remarkable review sustained on a shoestring for twenty-five years, comes to considerable triumph in its Proust symposium. Nearly every Proust scholar in the world is represented, from George D. Painter and Professor Cocking in England, Philip Kolb in America, Maurois and Georges Cattaui in France, Professor Inoué in Japan: and by no means the least interesting article is provided by Mr Grindea himself, who has wrung out of endless conversations a good deal of fresh material.

This is an astonishingly rich collection – so rich, indeed, that it ought to be read little by little, and not gulped down in one Lucullan banquet. The splendid article by Philip Kolb on the genesis of *Jean Santeuil* demands close study and might be read with profit in conjunction with Gerard Hopkins's note on the same book. Georges Cattaui, in *Albertine Retrouvée*, tells us more than we ever knew before about Agostinelli, though Mr Grindea, quoting Prince Bibesco, suggests that the real Albertine was the stockbroker Albert Nahmias, 'whom Proust first saw walking at dusk on the Cabourg Promenade dressed like a girl . . . together with his two ravishing sisters, Anita and Estie, thus completing the three "*jeunes filles en fleur*"'. Perhaps one would *rather* have Agostinelli; but with Proust, alas, it is impossible to pick and choose. Professor Kynichiro Inoué, who has translated several volumes of the *Recherche* into Japanese, writes a charming decorative essay on the hawthorns, Jean Cocteau a characteristic scrap of reminiscence – 'Dear Jean, have you not held a lady's hand who has touched a rose?' – and Sir Henry Channon gives an account of a meeting with Proust in 1918 which is perhaps the most essentially Proustian, most absurdly, engagingly and somehow chillingly Proustian, item in the whole symposium.

P. H. J.

Dr Jenner of Berkeley. By DOROTHY FISK. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Two of the most important discoveries in medicine have been made by alert physicians who tried out remedies recommended by country folk-lore. William Withering, hearing how good the foxglove was for dropsy from an old woman in Shropshire, introduced digitalis, the most valuable drug known in the treatment of heart disease. Edward Jenner learnt that an unknown disease of cows was said by the Gloucestershire dairymaids to protect against smallpox. He tested this improbable thesis scientifically and bravely with the result that a disease which used to kill 40,000 people a year in this country now doesn't kill any. He was, perhaps, lucky to find that one innocent disease protected against another malignant one. But 'there are in every discovery two accidents; the accident of meeting with the fact connected with the discovery and the accident of possessing an ingenious and, in most cases, a great mind to take advantage of the fact'. Jenner had been anticipated by twenty years by a farmer, Benjamin Jesty, who had courageously exposed his wife and sons to cowpox, having had the disease himself and not having caught smallpox, though very closely exposed to it. But that was as far as he went and he remains one of the many worthy but insignificant figures who precede so many great discoveries and who sometimes survive to dispute their precedence.

After the discovery of vaccination, controversy flared, as it usually does, and the Church joined in, this time not only in opposition: 'Clergy entered the fray, declaring inoculation to be according to the will of God or against it, according to their different private information'. Miss Fisk has written a readable, if slightly excitable, account of a great life.

D. A. P.

The Cantatas of Johann Sebastian Bach, Sacred and Secular. By W. GILLIES WHITTAKER. *Oxford.* 2 vols. 8 *gns.*

The late Gillies Whittaker performed all the Cantatas of Bach in his lifetime and this posthumously published book testifies to his great knowledge and practical experience. In an introductory Apologia, he modestly writes 'the author can scarcely hope that many people will read this book in its entirety'. It is intended as a work of reference and must be judged accordingly. Unfortunately it is already outdated by the publications of the Neue Bach-Ausgabe which have revealed not only textual emendations but alternative versions not known to Whittaker. The Cantatas are arranged according to a chronology which is now known to be incorrect. Each work is discussed in considerable detail, but musical analysis is of the homely, descriptive type, *e.g.* '. . . is curiously set, the trill possibly signifying fruitfulness', and tells us little concerning the structure of the music. On the other hand practical information regarding performance will certainly be of value. Three interludes deal respectively with Bach's borrowings, Recitatives and the Chorale in larger forms. The book is abundantly illustrated with musical examples and has useful appendices and index.

A. G.

Sigmund Freud's Mission. By ERICH FROMM. (World Perspectives.) *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It seems to be a law of publishing, though publishers never heed it, that the essays in these uplifting series, which are always planned as angelic trumpet blasts to herald the current apocalypse, should turn out to be scrappy and inconclusive. This short book is a particularly irritating specimen. Instead of trying to sort out truth from fantasy in Freud's work, a useful job that still needs to be done, it tries to hoist Freud with his own petard and show that the founder of psychoanalysis was an orally fixated egocentric 'filled with the idea of his own mission' for whom the world was the stage for the drama of the psychoanalytical movement, a psychoanalysed elite that should guide mankind. This simply does not square with known facts such as Freud's persistent refusal to try to evolve or countenance a psychoanalytical world-outlook or to consider psychoanalysis as anything except a contribution to science, to say nothing of his personal aversion to organising and proselytising.

Fromm, while paying any amount of lip-service to Freud's passion for truth, is really operating under the old crypto-theologian's slogan of 'any stigma to beat a dogma'. His choice of sources is revealing. He has to use Jones's biography, of course, but he calls it hopelessly idolatrous, and unless one had read it one would never suspect that Jones had diagnosed Freud as suffering from anxiety hysteria and described the 'exquisite oscillation between credulity and incredulity' that sometimes went on in his mind. The book that suits him best is Helen Puner's not by any means accurate study, which was written from hearsay without any personal knowledge. He seldom quotes from Freud's own writings and has a blind spot for Freud's stylistic charm, categorising him as intrinsically dislikeable. Some of his generalised judgments are interesting; there is a lot to be said for his description of Freud as rebel rather than revolutionary, and for his placing of him in the succession of nineteenth-century thought, though it would have helped to add the label 'mechanist'. Also stimulating is his conclusion that whereas Freudians saw the individual unconscious and were blind to the social unconscious, Marxists did almost exactly the opposite. Sometimes he gets very close to a Marxist position as when he states that the decay of liberalism is expressed in the decay of psychoanalysis. But he switches so abruptly from the banal and the misleading to these sudden currents of stimulation that he makes very uneven and tiring reading.

Patronage and the Arts. By RICHARD CARLESS and PATRICIA BREWSTER. *Conservative Political Centre.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

This Bow Group report is the best summing-up of the financial state of the arts that has yet appeared. Moreover, it is openly addressed to the Conservative Government, as well as to all other potential patrons and administrators. Miss Brewster and Mr Carless quote from Arts Council and other reports, but have clearly done a good deal of independent research, and they present it so intelligently as to demand attention: the chapter on Local Authorities is excellent. It is in the stress laid on different sources of patronage that the book shows weakness. The inadequacy of the Arts Council grant is mentioned; but if there were figures pointing up its relation to other Government expenditure (or to the amount spent by other countries), and a tough statement of the Government's responsibility for our new leisured population, their plaint would have turned into a real accusation of meanness. There are good suggestions for better co-ordination between Arts Council, FBI and individual firms; but the idea that long-term plans can be based on the generosity of one firm is surely mistaken. One other point disturbs, coming from such obviously intelligent writers: why say that commercial radio or an ITV Third Channel are right because they 'will cost the public nothing'? Who pays the advertisers?

P. H.

The English Channel. By J. A. WILLIAMSON. *Collins.* 25*s.*

However unsentimental we may be about it, the English Channel has always to be acknowledged as a vital element in our history and our present thinking. Dr Williamson has shown his understanding of its importance before, in his biographies of Drake and Hawkins; his new book is devoted to the Channel itself, and the way in which its formation and changing outline have influenced the growth of our nation. After reading this delightful book one is more than ever convinced that the separation of history from geography (and both from literature), as they are taught still in many schools, is utterly ridiculous. Dr Williamson's reconstruction of William I's tactics at Hastings gives point to this. If one stands today on the site of the battle it is difficult to understand why it should have occurred just there; but if we re-draw the map as it was 900 years ago we see at once that the place of battle was an inevitable consequence of a landing on what was then the Hastings Peninsula. Similarly with the rise and fall of the Cinque Ports: it is the combination of the historical fact of Henry's marriage to Eleanor of Aquitaine, bringing English overlordship of, and trade with, South Western France, and the geographical fact that the eastward currents of the Channel were gradually silting up and in some cases land-locking the old ports of Sussex and Kent, that brought about the gradual shift of emphasis to Southampton, Dartmouth and Plymouth.

J. B.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,556 **Set by G. de Vavasour**

Prizes are offered for a 16-line verse dialogue between two Common Readers on the published books of 1959. Entries by 29 December.

Result of No. 1,553 **Set by Peter Pimlico**

'School-phobia' – a psychological blockage which makes children loath to leave home – is causing increased concern among teachers and school medical officers, and is providing many more patients for child guidance clinics. Competitors are invited to produce a comment on this situation made by one of the following: Holden Caulfield, Ernest Pontifex, Huck Finn, Piggy (*Lord of the Flies*), Billy Bunter or Nigel Molesworth. Limit 100 words.

Report

How splendidly remote these fictional kids are from most of the bewildered children who get into the clinics, how much cleverer than the adults – suitably scornful about parents, teachers, and psychiatrists, too. Huck Finn was naturally the toughest of the lot, and the most mischievous:

> We mitched from school pretty often, the thrashings being middling easy. So teacher says we got school-fobya, and sends for a piscologist. So Tom and me swapped names, and that piscologist asked us about our folks, and about our dreams. Well, I couldn't recklect mine, so I told a few stretchers, and Tom the same. So that Piscologist wrote that Huck Finn had a littery imagination and could be led but not druv, but Tom Sawyer was pretty low and ornery and suffered from bad home influences; and Tom's folks got mad and ran that Piscologist out of town. (R. Kennard Davis)

Holden Caulfield was pretty sharp in his scorn, and I liked the version by 15-year-old Nooky: 'But I bet if you went to one of those child what-youcallit clinics, it'd be darn well crawling with a lot of phoneys who'd feed you the same old crap, like they enjoyed having you sit there, ready to puke all over yourself'. Sheila Knowles got inside the Caulfield moral indignation:

> . . . so he's up to some psychoanalyst and all. And this guy starts chucking the old crap around when suddenly he throws up something sharp as a tack to pin down the goddam truth, for Chrissake. The kid's gotta answer, maybe horsing around, maybe lying – that's terrible. . . .

Billy Bunter was rather too dim about the whole situation; Piggy had no comment at all. R. B. Hatfield's Molesworth was fine: 'Any fule would rather be home, even with there mater. And soppy grown-ups beleve we're happy at skool! Wot branes!'.

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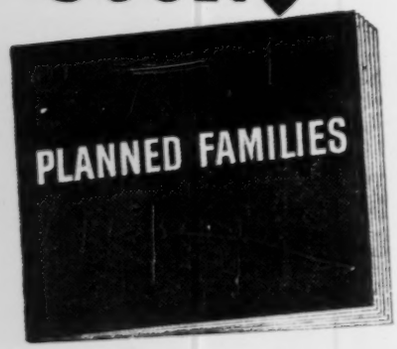

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The general standard of parody was very high, and several entries made me settle down to think about what the original authors had done with the characters – particularly Twain and Salinger. Gwen Foyle, D. R. Peddy, Hilary, P. W. R. Foot, C. W. V. Wordsworth, Vera Telfer, Ian Allan, June F. Mercer and Alberick all deserve a beta plus; and a special mention to twelve-year-old Russell French, for his Molesworth. L. Burnard, also twelve, wins a guinea; two guineas to C. D. Throsby, and a guinea each for the other entries printed.

NIGEL MOLESWORTH

Most new bugs soon get used to skool and dont mind roten food hard pilows maths masters or being blarsted out to Venus by 70 trilion volts from peason's disintegrater. But some like that uter wet cedric fripwurth-biggs think only of mater and golliwog and jolly evenings in the bosome of the famly. They hate alg. poetry, ect. and sit for hours with a solful xpression fondling the skool dog becos he reminds them of Prince; in short they are AFRADE OF SKOOL and wot they ort to realise is that SKOOL IS AFRADE OF US i.e. the futur leeders of this grate country who make groan men and mato quake in their wool soks and elastick-sided boots. The only kure for these type of weeds is to tuough them up and they blub and who cares, eh? Life is full of such difficulties.

C. D. THROSBY

Gosh. Wot's this about my felow suferers having thort up a new super PRANK? Whose got a phobia? CHIZ I am behind the times, why dont peopul tell me these things. As I rite these words, fotherington-Tomas skip weedily up 'Hello sky hello Molesworth I hello paper, wot are you riting so thortfully Nigel?' 'I am riting a NSN comp. entry O weedy one' I ripost, litely striking him with my goosefether, I make the paper intoe a dart, dip it intoe ye olde inke welle and bung it at him. It miss and strike headmaster GRIMES who enter CURSES!!!!!!! Fetch me a sykiatrist!

L. BURNARD

ERNEST PONTIFEX

Between Battersby and Roughborough, I am, I suppose, only less susceptible to this 'school-phobia' because my 'home-phobia' is so strong. I can only wish that God, like our latterday scientists, had thought of a kind of intermediate platform in the spaces dividing the hell that is school and the super-hell that is home. In that heaven of immunity, I, too, could happily cultivate my twin aversions and enjoy those delightful holiday opportunities at the guidance clinic.

JOHN DIGBY

HOLDEN CAULFIELD

School-itis? . . . I'm not too crazy about sick people, if you want to know. Loath to leave home, my ass. They have *homes*, for Chrissake. At Pencey you were there night and day. The phonies were crawling out the mattress.

Anyway these English sec-mods, they're such a *disaster*, some sad old guy teaching forty morons to *read*, you've got to feel sorry for them, you really have. But probably they shoot the same old crap about character-building and school spirit and a goodly heritage. That stuff gives kids a pain in the ass. It really does.

TROOPER JONES

HUCK FINN

Blamed if them sickologists ain't working the beatenest dodge ever. Not that it ain't partly true what they let on about these school-fobiers. I know because I used to have them things more considerable than a yaller dog's got fleas – only I figured they was jist the fan-tods. Nobody couldn't ever git 'em out by pecking at me – nor yet with hick'ry neither. I reckon a sassy boy's like an ornery young mule. When cowhide don't cure him you better set down and whittle stick till he gits a bit older. I ain't saying nothing about girls!

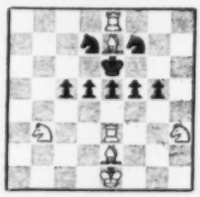
FRANK DUNNILL

The Chess Board

No. 527. The Christmas Tree

Admittedly what matters in a chess problem is its quality rather than the good looks of the diagram: but who am I to grumble when a composer sets out to make a pretty piece look like a Christmas tree, thereby providing the seasonal connotation I require. **A** is certainly pretty to look at as a picture; as a chess problem it's a mere two-mover and so simple that my offer of 5 ladder-points is almost as generous as the 6 points to be got out of **B**. No diagram required here. Just put the White K on KKt2, the White Q on KR1 the White R on KKt1 and the White B on KR2. Having thus populated the S.E. corner of your realm you have ten moves to shift those pieces in such a way that a Black Kt will be able to inflict mate. Obviously, it will have to be some sort of smothered mate, though not, of course, the conventional type. **C** is a win for White which would seem to be simple enough if it weren't for one of those tiresome conditions. As it happens White mustn't use any but one and the same piece and Black must be forced to capture a piece in the course of the 9 moves it will take to inflict mate. 7 points for this may be just about the fair rate for the job, whereas 8 points for **D** may well be akin to the bargains our ladies will hope to pick up in the post-Xmas sales. It is a sui-mate in 3, and a particularly pretty piece too; and for the benefit of the uninitiated I had better explain that what matters is for White to commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in three moves.

A: R. L'Hermet 1910

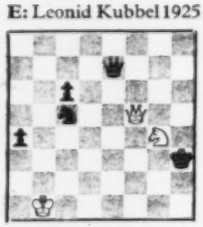


C: L. Vossenreuth 1910

D: J. Koers 1927

After so much unconventional holiday material our more seriously—and traditionally minded competitors may well crave a couple of honest endgame studies such as **E**, a win, and **F**, a draw. They are not exactly easy, but not too difficult either, and in rating them as highly as 9 and 10 I am merely prompted by my wish to bring the grand total garnerable this weekend up to 45. I might add the helpful hint that in **F** it takes 20 moves to achieve our end.

E: Leonid Kubbel 1925



F: V. Korolkov & L. Mitrofanov 1958

Usual prizes. Entries by 28 December.

REPORT on No. 524. Set 28 November

A: (1) Kt-Kt5, Q x R ch; (2) K-B2, Q x R; (3) Kt-B7 ch, K-Q1; (4) Q-Q2 ch, B-Q2; (5) P x P etc.

B: (1) B-R7, P-R6; (2) B-K4 ch, K-Kt8; (3) P-B5 P-R7; (4) B-R1!, K x B; (5) K-B1 etc.

C: (1) P-Kt3 ch!, K x P (best); (2) P-B4, B-K1; (3) B-B3, P-K5; (4) B-R5! B-B3; (5) B-B7, B-R1; (6) B-Q5, P-B3; (7) P-B5 ch!, P x B; (8) P x Kt P etc.

If (5) . . . K-Kt5; (6) B-Q5, K-R4!; (7) P-R7, K-R3; (8) B x B, K x P; (9) K-Kt3 and wins.

Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, K. Beaumont, R. C. Chaturvedi, M. P. Furmston, J. R. Harman.

ASSIAC

City Lights

Food for Competition

The City, given half an excuse to relax, slips into Christmas early. Company news is already beginning to dry up, cabs are unobtainable during a longer lunch-hour than usual, walls are filling up – though more slowly, I think, than last year – with large cards carrying coloured assurances of impersonal good-will, and barbers shops, despite the weather, are doing a roaring trade. It will be a merry Christmas for the City, as it will for consumer goods industries and service trades in general: credit is still easy, the economic outlook is reasonably good, Sterling is doing well enough, and stock markets remain reassuringly firm. But I have the feeling that it will not be quite so neurotically merry as it has been for the past few years. The most prosperous year in the history of the Stock Exchange, at any rate, seems to have left most people too tired to reckon up with any pleasure the surtax they have to pay.

* * *

The international food war, fanned by the spread of supermarkets, self-service and price-cutting, is hotting up. Nobody was very much surprised when Nestlé finally admitted that it was the £10m. bidder for Crosse & Blackwell. The obvious possible companies in this country with £10m. to spare – Unilever, Heinz, Allied Bakeries, Lyons, Reckitt & Colman – had denied it often enough and loudly enough to be convincing.

Nestlé is a giant by comparison with C & B, the fifth biggest company in Europe by sales and far the largest food company outside the United States. Based on condensed milk – a basis which made it largely English until 1929 – it has grown through mergers, notably with various chocolate companies in 1929 and with the Maggi company (packet soups and cubes) in 1947. Recently it has been gaining ground fast on the Continent with its Maggi soups but less fast in Britain; its milk product sales, with the important exception of baby foods, have been slowing down almost everywhere; its chocolate – it supplies about a tenth of the world's consumption – is less well established here than elsewhere; its Nescafé (and, more recently, Nestea) had a clear and successful run here until the introduction of General Food's Maxwell House and a number of other brands made the market highly competitive.

There are many obvious ways in which the merger with Crosse & Blackwell, if it goes through, will strengthen Nestlé's position – widening its range of products, giving it the benefit of an extremely efficient distributive network, and providing it with a stronger foothold in Britain, the United States and the Seven to match its strong foothold in France and Germany. But it would be surprising if Nestlé had not also been influenced to some extent by the increasing interest which the US food giants are taking in the expanding European market. The British Aluminium affair caused as notable a flutter in Switzerland as it did at home. Several companies, including Nestlé, whose shares had traditionally been in bearer form and could change hands without the directors knowing anything about it, decided to reduce the risk by massive issues of registered shares, which can only change hands under Swiss law if the directors approve the change. It was probably the American risk which persuaded Nestlé to make such a generous bid for Crosse & Blackwell, a company which has itself for some time past been consciously exposed to the danger of an American takeover.

All this came as no surprise. It was a considerable surprise, however, when Fisons announced that it was proposing to bid 82s. against Nestlé's 72s. Fisons has certain milk-based food interests – particularly Bengers and Sanatogen – as well as fertilisers, and claims that it has been thinking for some time of launching out into food. One can only assume that the chief attraction is C & B's highly efficient distributive network.

* * *

Lord Beaverbrook must be rejoicing in the saga of Mr John James. Corporal James came out of the services after the war with nothing but his gratuity, worked in a radio shop, rented a shop of his own in Bristol in 1946; now, 13 years later, working like a beaver, inevitably unpopular with his competitors, he has worked his one shop up to 300. These 300 shops and stores he is now selling to Firth Cleveland for £5.8m., half in cash, half in shares, which he expects to appreciate in value and which have already done so: on the board of Firth Cleveland he will be running his own 300 shops in conjunction with the 200-odd radio and electrical shops which the group already owns and working hard to get the 500 – already the largest chain of its kind in the world – up to 1,000 within the next five years. He should find the company congenial in his new office. Charles Hayward, who controls Firth Cleveland, started from scratch as a young man: he now runs a £23m. group which, apart from its chain of shops and stores, has widespread interests in metals and engineering, and has taken an interesting gamble on the success of the Freeport project on Grand Bahama. It has its headquarters, properly enough, in Lord Beaverbrook's old house in St. James's.

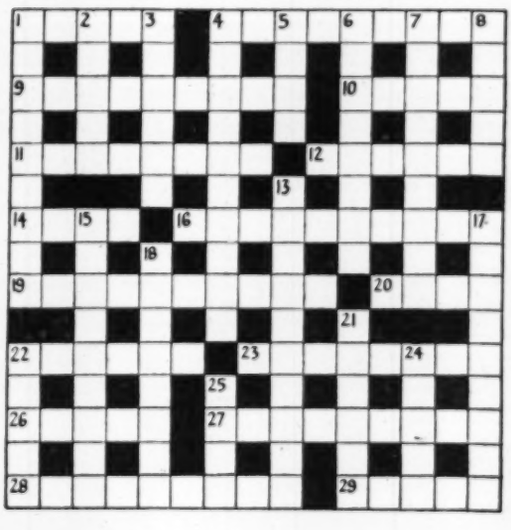
Company News

Steel company results are mixed but good on the whole. *Whitehead Iron* and *Thos Firth & John Brown* are paying their forecast dividends on profits down by 18 and 13½ per cent., but the second half-year, certainly for the former and most probably for the latter, was much better than the first. *John Summers*, sheet specialists, report a seven per cent. increase in profit and the dividend seems likely to rise, but – because of the relative timing of expansion plans – the market is looking elsewhere, mainly to *United Steel*, for this year's growth. *Steel of Wales*, the second of the sheet specialists, are paying the forecast dividend on profits five per cent. higher; the third development plan will come to fruit in the current year, but there is a good deal of short-term debt to be repaid and a stop-gap £30m. plan to increase sheet supplies has just been announced. *Colvilles* report profits, which were expected to be at best no better, up by six per cent., and the slightly better dividend is 5½ times covered: the directors, who are getting £50m. of the country's money to finance a new strip mill, perhaps feel that shareholders should make a decent pretence of paying their share. If steel output continues to rise – and some of the recent restocking demand must be speculative – Richard Thomas & Baldwins may be due for denationalisation a good deal earlier in the new year than many people suppose.

TAURUS

Week-end Crossword 384

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 384, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 29 Dec.



ACROSS

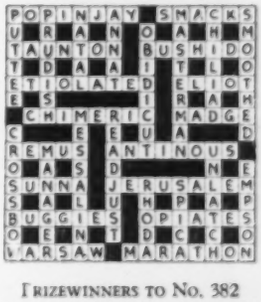
1. Symbols of authority consisting of a piece of writing with a card in the middle (5).
4. The forwards get fit for they have to carry the weight (9).
9. A kind of student coming from poor homes (9).
10. Kind of writing which gives the score one caught (5).
11. Behind the haze the half-back played inaccurately (8).
12. Mode of address for an obscurantist? (6).
14. Windfalls for extremities (4).
16. A kind of fit set off by an explosive sound (10).
19. Composer half in heaven (10).
20. 'The damp souls of housemaids Sprouting despondently at —— gates' (Eliot) (4).
22. Bob a time god (6).
23. Ambitious as an artist in mixing paints (8).
26. Glamour apparently brings love to a standstill (5).
27. Don't talk so much, for they are certainly not British (9).
28. Excellent food put back into the cooker (9).
29. Miss Havisham's house (5).

DOWN

1. Friends spoil winning moves (9).
2. Christians make a choice in the Civil Service (5).
3. Is told in a different way for the unemotional (6).
4. Goddess who makes a literary man languish (10).
5. The gang made a noise (4).
6. Hidden merit in the set-up for insects (8).
7. He makes comments for an article not on an eminence (9).
8. Pleasanter although apparently cold-hearted (5).
13. The plane gave information on the narrow escape (10).
15. Give up a carriage, turning up as a casual worker (9).
17. Supporters of the working class put honour before men of skill (9).
18. Went too far in half an hour among the floating voters (8).
21. Various birds (6).
22. Food which is an object of derision (5).
24. A representative with inside information (5).
25. Mountain in the Trossachs (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 382



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 382

Miss A. Griffiths (London, SW4)
Everard Crow (Bushey Heath)
W. G. Daish (Wateringbury)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

PUBLICITY & PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPARTMENT,
NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS,

requires:—

(a) Publicity Assistant.

Duties will include collection and preparation of publicity material, writing of press releases and articles, and production of internal publications. Knowledge of typography and layout essential; experience in journalism or publicity desirable; good knowledge of British education system an advantage. Salary: £1,000-£1,200, according to experience.

(b) Organising Assistant.

Duties will be mainly concerned with Exhibitions, but will include distribution of films and other publicity material and organisation of reference material. Good organising ability essential; exhibition or public relations experience desirable. Salary: £850 per annum.

Both appointments are for two years in the first instance.

Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, should be addressed to the General Secretary, National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, WC1. Closing date 28 December 1959.

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ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Recognised as Efficient by the Ministry of Education. (ENGLISH TO ADULT CONTINENTAL STUDENTS)

Limited number of temporary teachers, full-time and part-time, preferably male, required April till Autumn. Recent university training or equivalent experience, including Translation, Direct Method, Literature or Commerce. Dip. Ed. not essential but an advantage. Good knowledge of French and/or Spanish, etc. Interest and enthusiasm essential. Initiative welcome. Excellent conditions of work. Class and individual tuition. Interviews January-mid-March. Applications, with photograph, to the Directors, Anglo-Continental School of English, 31-33 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, Hants.

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UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200-80-£2,600 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500-90-£2,100 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applicatsons close, in Australia and London, on 15 February 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Deputy Librarian (Administrative). Applications are invited for the above-mentioned new appointment. Applicants should possess an appropriate combination of academic background, professional library qualifications and experience and administrative ability. The salary will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance will be made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 January 1960.

BBC requires News Assistant, Wales, in Cardiff. Duties include preparation and broadcasting of objective and accurate reports, collecting and editing news for use in news bulletins and programmes, both in Television and Sound. Thorough knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Proved journalistic experience, including good sub-editorial training, and good microphone voice very desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1402 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant, Natural History Unit Library, West Region in Bristol. Duties consist of critical listening to Sound recordings and critical viewing of film material; classification and supervision of storage of film material in the Unit's Library of films and recorded Sound. Will be required to give specialist advice to other departments making use of the Library's Sound and film material, and to maintain liaison with outside organisations having similar interests. Sound theoretical knowledge and practical experience in natural history essential. Experience of Sound recording and the handling of film desirable, but training will be given after appointment. Salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,185 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1405 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

TUTOR-Organiser. The Workers' Educational Association, West of Scotland District, invites applications from University graduates for the post of tutor-organiser in general social science subjects. Scale £650/£1,100. Placing according to qualifications and experience. Full details and appln forms from G. Arnot, WEA, 177 Hill St, Glasgow, C3.

ARDALE Approved School, Stifford, near Grays, Essex (boys 15-17). Resident Deputy Headmaster required. Applicants should be qualified teachers, preferably with experience of delinquent boys. Salary according to the Burnham scale in force at the time, together with approved schools addition of £120, plus deputy head teacher allowance of £170 and further allowance of £216 in return for extraneous duties of not less than 15 hours a week outside school hours. Eight weeks holiday. Unfurnished married quarters available at moderate rental. Salary and allowances quoted are subject to approval by the Council. Application form and details from Children's Officer (NEDO), County Hall, London, SE1. (2786.)

MIDDLESEX County Council. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd initially at Hounslow Child Guidance Centre for 5 three-hour sessions p. wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised training and/or equivalent experience in Child Psychology. Fee £2 15s. 6d. p. sess. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 20 January, 1960. Prescribed Conditions. (Quote B.581, NS)

THE London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine proposes to appoint a Social Research Worker in connection with an enquiry in Buckinghamshire. The post is for 18 months, starting in April 1960, at a salary of £750-£800 per annum. Further details and an application form, which must be returned by 4 January 1960, can be obtained from the Finance Officer, London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street, WC1.

THE University of Leeds. Appointments Board. Applications are invited from women for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Appointments Office. The salary scale is £650 x £25–£1,000 a year. Applicants should be qualified secretaries with some administrative experience and the possession of a degree would be an advantage. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than 2 January, 1960.

WEST Sussex County Council – Children's Department. Appointment of Deputy Superintendent (male or female). Applications are invited for this post at St Christopher's Reception Home, Rustington, near Littlehampton. Training and/or good relevant experience essential for responsible position with 25/30 children including a group of adolescents living under 'hostel' conditions. Salary (which includes special responsibility allowance) £570-£725 (less £120 board/lodging). Applications to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers required for work with team dealing, under general direction of consultant psychiatrist, with care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, in interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley salary (£610-£845 plus London Weighting) and conditions. Secretarial assistance provided. Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/2631), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 1 January.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Warley Hospital, Brentwood, Essex. Salary on Whitley Council scale. Applications to the Physician Superintendent.

CHILD Care. Housefather (single) and Housemother (single) (suitable married couple could have joint appointment) reqd as deputies to Warden and Matron at 'Mythe House', Goose Lane, Mayford, nr Woking, Surrey, special home for 14 boys 11-15 years presenting behaviour problems resulting from emotional disturbances. Experience in residential care of deprived or maladjusted adolescents essential. Preference given to possessors of approved qualifications. Housefather should be able to encourage boys in spare time hobbies, interests and games; Housemother reqd to assist in domestic management of house. Comf. furn. quarters. Housefather, £555 × £20 – £595. Housemother, £525 × £15 – £555 comm. accdg to quals and exp., both less £134 14s. for board, etc. Four wks annual leave incl. Bank Hols. Appln forms and partics from Children's Officer (WDO/2807), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Child Care Officers reqd as Special Family Workers. They will concentrate on work with families; to help children in care to return home and to prevent other children from coming into care. Applicants should be qualified & experienced in family case work. Salary APT II £795-£910 (max. remun.). Application form (f'lscap) from Children's Officer, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1, returnable by 29 Dec. Prescribed conditions. (Quote B.600.)

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Dept. (1) Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker (female) reqd for work initially at Child Guidance Centre, Ealing, and in particular in connection with Day School for Maladjusted Children which is to be opened during 1960. Should hold Mental Health Cert. or approved equivalent. Salary £610-£845 p.a. plus London Weighting. Established. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Road, Ealing, W5, by 29 January, 1960. Welfare Dept. (2) Welfare Officer required for supervisory/welfare duties in connection with eight homeless family hostels. Car essential; allowance payable. Qualification in Social Science would be an advantage. Salary APT. I £640-£795 (max. remun). For further particulars apply to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth Street, SW1, by 28 December. Both posts: prescribed conditions (Quote A.802, NSN).

DEVON County Council require Psychiatric Social Worker for Child Guidance Service. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or the equivalent but students in training may apply. Details and application forms, returnable by 30 December, 1959, from Principal School Medical Officer, 45 St David's Hill, Exeter.

HOUSEMASTER. Resident (single accommodation only) required at Ardale (senior) Approved School, Stifford, near Grays, Essex, to take charge of house for 48 boys aged 15-17 plus years. Ability to supervise leisure activities, hobbies, recreation, etc., essential, previous experience desirable. Salary within scale £540-£880 less £134 14s. for board, lodging and laundry. Eight weeks annual leave. Details and application form from Children's Officer, CH/NEDO/2759, County Hall, London, SE1.

THE Mulberry Bush School (a special school for maladjusted children fully recognised by the Ministry of Education) at Standlake, Near Witney, Oxfordshire, requires a resident Matron (Domestic). The successful applicant will be a member of the treatment team. Good salary and adequate free time. Interesting experimental work. Apply to The Principal. (Telephone Standlake 202.)

ASSISTANT Matron required for junior boarding house, working under housemother. Previous experience not essential. Further particulars on application to the Headmaster, St Christopher School, Letchworth.

NOTTING Hill – new Adventure Playground. Leader wanted, full-time, working experience groups of children essential. Salary £760. Fuller particulars from the Secretary, 59 Cambridge Gardens, W10.

CARDIFF – Solicitors with large & expanding general practice req. Solicitor to take charge of Conveyancing department. Commencing salary up to £1,750 per annum & excellent prospects for first-class man. Assistance with accomm. if necessary. Box 903.

TRADE Union Solicitor requires (a) experienced litigation clerk admitted or unadmitted, (b) young progressive to train as litigation clerk. Box 1068.

A WORTHWHILE holiday. Why not spend part of your summer vac. leading a group of young people on a week's walking or cycling tour Youth Hostelling in this country. If you have humour and an understanding of the needs of young teenagers and are really interested in this satisfying job, apply in writing to Home Tours Department, N/S, Youth Hostels Association, St Albans, Herts.

SECRETARY wanted for a well-established importer of wine & delicatessen. GER. 6791.

SHORTHAND Typist. The Labour Party (Southern Region). High standard of shorthand and typewriting. Interesting and varied work. Salary £10 3s. 10d. per week at 24. Superannuation scheme. Membership of the Labour Party and Trade Union essential. Apply to Mr R. G. Hayward, Regional Organiser, The Labour Party (Southern Region), 46 East Smithfield, London, E1. Tel. ROYal 2422.

HANDCRAFT Instructress with knowledge of cane work and weaving required for Home for Blind, Westgate. Salary £350-£400, non-resident, according to qualifications and experience; 5-day week. Experience with blind not essential. Apply, with full particulars, to Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St, W1.

SWALCLIFFE Park School, Nr Banbury, Oxon. Applications are invited from qualified teachers for an appointment to be made to the staff of this independent special school for maladjusted boys, at Easter, 1960. Full details from the Principal.

LIBRARIAN/Information Officer required for busy contemporary architect's office in West End. Interest in modern architecture essential. Interesting opportunity to intelligent young woman. Box 1115.

MOTHERS' Union: an Administrative Post vacant. Applicants must be Communicant members of Church of England; knowledge of Committee work essential; age between 35 and 45. Apply Central Secretary, The Mothers' Union, 24 Tufton Street, SW1.

WANTED after Christmas, a Secretary. Young lady, intelligent, alert, for voluntary Anglo-American educational organisation, London, W1 (near Green Park Station). Must be of good appearance and well spoken. Suit married woman. Excellent restaurant on premises. No Saturdays. MAYfair 9579.

SHORTHAND/typist required 30 hours per 5-day week. Please apply to: Islington Family Service Unit, 25 St. Mary's Grove, N1. CAN. 6700.

INVOICE typist wanted for a West End importer of wine & delicatessen. GER. 6791.

AN OPPORTUNITY for part-time paid work available to retired administrators, or others with managerial experience, with old-established firm in West End office. Write full details to Faulkner, 139 Oxford St, W1.

RESPONSIBLE girl or housekeeper for congenial Norwegian-American family, Oslo area. Cooking, care of children. Kaplan, Tanumveien 102, Sandvika, Norway.

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SENIOR bldg estimator sks sit. where integrity & ability is apprec. Box 1014.

LABOUR Party agent, single, early thirties, seeks interesting permanent post where work & initiative apprec.; anywhere. Box 1056.

GRADUATE (30), Oxford, with fluent French, Italian & Russian, experience of teaching in Italy & Switzerland, sks post in publishing/periodical journalism. Box 1069.

CANADIAN, ex-RCAMC, age 34, sks post in London antique shop or antiquarian booksellers, where intelligence, personality, enthusiasm & some exp. count. Box 1133.

LITERATE Canadian seeks interesting work at modest salary in London until about May 1960. Box 1079.

ITALIAN lady, 27, graduate Milan University, competent secretary, fairly fluent English (also shorthand), knowledge German & French, seeks employment as teacher or secretary. Box 1147.

STUDENTSHIPS, GRANTS AND ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above Studentships and Grants for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The Studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 15 February 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

FITZWILLIAM House, Cambridge. Up to seven Entrance Exhibitions, each of £40 per annum, tenable for three years, will be awarded by Fitzwilliam House, Cambridge, for the academical year 1960-1961. Awards will be made to candidates who reach the required standard in the Entrance Examination which will be held on 22-25 February, 1960. For details apply: Secretary (Entrance Examination), Fitzwilliam House, Cambridge.

FOOD AND DRINK

CHICKEN Bar, just below Hampstead Tube, opp. Post Office: Quarter chicken to take home, spit-roasted, 4s. to 5s. Half 6s. to 7s. 6d. Customers say 'Chicken Maryland' best value in town. 42 High St, Hampstead. New daring Mural by Lyall Watson – please give us your opinion. Open till 11.30 p.m.

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PERSONAL

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CHESSMEN wtd, nice quality 2nd-h. set. Vamplew, 27 Horncastle Rd, Louth, Lincs.

MOTHER of 9 sks good s/h. books, toys; prices – Rigg Beck, Newlands, Keswick.

AUTHOR/artist, ideal accom. Semi-detached cottage Caenarfonshire. 2 floors, 2 recep., 2 beds. Rateable value £7. Elec., garden ¼ acre. £150 frhld. Full dets Box 1097.

ART Gallery. No promotion or hanging fees. Unknown painters accepted. Help any amateur you know who lacks confidence. Suggest writing: BCM/Gallery, London WC1.

FRENCH Riviera. Modern s/c. flat on flower farm, 15 mins sea, 30 mins Nice. Sleeps 2-4. Early booking advised for spring, summer, autumn. Box 1084.

SMALL independent corner, preferably hilly country, wanted by unaggressive woman. Very low rent or services. Box 1121.

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WARM room wtd London visits winter. Exch. same Sussex summer. Box 1065.

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INTERCOM telephones for only £5 complete. Write for illustrated leaflet to Finsbury Trading (Dept NS), 12 Stoke Newington High Street, N1.

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A FRIENDLY informal society through which members meet at theatres, concerts, opera, ballet, exhibitions, dances, etc. Send s.a.e. to The Companions Club, 11(S) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, W1.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

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ALEXANDER Technique: Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Square, SW3. SLO. 3141.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 .Tel. HOL. 8193).

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

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PERSONAL—continued

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TO anthropologists and others: an award of 50 gns is offered – by anonymous rationalist – for the most vigorously effective essay (2,000 words) designed to achieve belated recognition of supernaturalism as a natural phenomenon – a fundamental part of the evolutionary growth of human understanding at young child levels now outgrown. Entries up to 31 January to Box 804.

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LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

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PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly Prince's Gate, now Richmond. RIC. 4416.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe, MP.

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CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

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PERSONAL—continued

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RETHINKING? Then send postcard to receive free next three issues of Land & Liberty monthly magazine. 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Christmas is coming,

The geese are getting fat,

Please put a copy of Spike Milligan's

'Book of Silly Verse for Kids',

In the old man's hat.

BANISH last-minute Christmas present headaches by giving special half-price subscriptions to the New Statesman! Immediate relief guaranteed, with beneficial effects lasting 26 weeks. See announcement on p. 871 of this issue for details – and please send list immediately. We do the rest.

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DELICIOUS Home-made Fudge, vanilla, chocolate, 6s. 6d. lb. Fruit or madeira cake 2lb. 10s. 6d. Box 943.

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LONDON/Sicily 15 Jan. return London 5 Feb. By Dormobile £24 return. Ski-ing Mt Etna. W. de Wend-Fenton, Ebberston Hall, Scarborough.

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23 & 26 Dec. at 7.30 and 26 Dec. at 2.15 Cinderella

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22 Dec. at 7.30 Cavalleria Rusticana, I Pagliacci

24 & 25 Dec. Theatre closed

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
OPERA SEASON
21 Dec. at 7.30 & 26 Dec. at 2.30
Hansel and Gretel
22 Dec. at 7.0 & 26 Dec. at 7.30
The Merry Widow
23, 24 & 25 Dec.—No perfs.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'A Man's Job'. Membs. Ends 20 Dec.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 4.30 & 8.15. Peggy Ashcroft, Eric Porter, Mark Dignam: Ibsen's 'Rosmersholm'. Transfers to Comedy Theatre 5 Jan.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Com. 22 Dec. 7.30. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be'.

TOWER. 7.30. Joan Littlewood's version of 'A Christmas Carol', 8, 9, 13-16, 21-23 Jan., incl. Mats 16 & 23 Jan. Book now: CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Sat. 19 Dec., 7.30-12. Dance & cabaret, bar ext. Admn. 2s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
Sunday Film
27 DEC., 3 & 10 JAN., at 4.30 & 7.30
EUGENE ONEGIN (U)
the colour film of the opera by Tchaikovsky
Bolshoi Theatre Production
ENGLISH SUB-TITLES
Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.
All seats bookable

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until 20 Dec.: Menotti's 'The Medium' (X). Christmas Holiday programmes. From 21 Dec.: M. Redgrave, E. Evans, D. Tutin, M. Malleson in 'The Importance of Being Earnest' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Sat. 19 December, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s. No Chelsea Arts Ball on New Year's Eve! Come to the ICA Caribbean Night instead at the Marquee, Academy Cinema, Oxford St, 9-2 a.m. Bar and refreshments. Russ Henderson's Steel Band, Cabaret including Jan King, Alistair Bain, Ronnie Allen's Jazz Band. Members 15s., non-members 1 gn. (inclusive 1 night's membership). Advance bkg ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St, W1. GRO. 6186.

DANCE. International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, WC1. Sat., 19 Dec., 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

INTERNAT. Friendship League. Xmas Party-Dance! Rosslyn Hall, Willoughby Rd, Hampstead Tube. 8 p.m. Mon. 21 Dec.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S new reproductions. Picasso: Girl with a Jug (1905), Pissarro: Seine at Marly, Degas: Ballet Dancer (pastel) from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. Over 100 other subjects.

THE Polite Tournament: Modern Japanese Woodcuts 1-31 Dec., St George's Gallery, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660; 10-6, Sats 10-1.

42 Original Caricatures by J. Kervyn de Meerendré are on show at 'The Black Horse', 6 Bathbone Place, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Water-colours and Drawings: Braque, Butler, Dubuffet, Fautrier, Miro, Picasso, Poliakoff, Scott, De Stael, Wols, etc. Until 9 January, 1960. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery. Paintings by Maurice Collis, 6 Duke St, St James's.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Constellations by Miro: Papiers collés by Matisse: Lithographies by Dufy and '1000 gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Until 8 Jan 1960.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2. Schettini and Stahl. Until 31 December. Daily 10-6.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings by Léon Zack. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork St, London, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Cecil Collins: A retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and tapestries, 1928-1959. Last day 24 December. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Misc. works by Picasso, Miro, Braque, Pissarro, Bott, Friesz, Delvaux, Sutherland, Bratby, Meadows, Frink, etc. Until 2 Jan.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. No meeting 23 Dec. C. R. Ronan, 'The Backside of the Moon', 30 Dec., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Road, NW2.

THE Actor. Theatre Talks for Young People at Wyndham's on 29 Dec., 31 Dec. & 4 Jan. Speakers: Sir Ralph Richardson, Patrick Wymark, Paul Rogers, Michael MacOwan, Michael Croft. Visit to 'Treasure Island'. Apply British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W1.

BASIC Course work from some recent Summer/Art Schools will be shown on coloured slides at informal students' reunion (anyone interested welcomed), 2 Jan., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., WC1. Tkts 5s., incl. tea. Any group welcome to show slides. Apply: B. Bertschinger, 19 Carlingford Rd, NW3.

A COFFEE and Social Evening—Members only. Wed., 23 Dec., at 8 p.m. New Jewish Society, New Chiltern Rooms, 83 Chiltern St, W1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 20 December, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Our New Society': M. L. Burnet.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419 – Mon., 21 December, at 7.30 p.m. 'Word Made Flesh', poems by Peter Dale read by Nicholas Hawtry and Penelope Parry.

S PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 20 Dec. Dr Helen Rosenau. 'Why Art in a Scientific Age?' Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

'SYMBOLISM of Christmas.' Public Lect. 20 Dec., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

DAILY Worker Discussion Conference 'Which Way For Labour?' St Pancras Town Hall, London, Sunday, 17 January, 1960, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Invitations for organisations from Conference Secretary, 75 Farringdon Road, EC1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

EASTER Course at the University of Bonn, Western Germany. Dates: 28 March to 14 April, 1960. Subjects: German Language and Literature. Fees: DM 180; Board and lodging ca. DM 200. Applics: Akademisches Auslandsamt, Bonn, Koblenzerstrasse 24.

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LECTURES, COURSES, etc.—continued

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KEEP Fit, Modern Dance, Ballet. Day and evening classes. New term 9 January. Stella Mann School of Dancing, 343A Finchley Rd, NW3. HAM. 9317.

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